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MAUREEN DHU,

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CLADDAGH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER XII.

THE following weeks were a season of glad bustle and excitement in the Claddagh. Some members of every family were all day long employed making and mending nets, while all the spare hands among the men were at work on the boats. A sudden influx of life and animation seemed to have taken place in the village. The houses, the streets, the quays were all alive with a busy, industrious population, all intent on the work of preparing for the great herring-fishery already announced by the numerous sea-fowl hovering over the Bay. The season had arrived; October with its mists and fogs, its clouded, mellow sunshine, and its wailing winds was drawing to a close. The weather was dry, but grey and lowering, just such weather as usually brought the long-expected shoals within reach of the Claddagh nets.

It was Hallow-Eve, the last day of the month, and the youngsters of the village, boys and girls of all ages, had been out from early morning on the strand digging for worms. It was truly an animated scene; the many-colored garments, the blithe and cheerful faces, the light-hearted, noisy clatter of youthful tongues, as each pair, or group chatted away on their own engrossing topic. And yet, notwithstanding the absence of that restraint usually arising from the presence of older persons, and the hilarious state of mind incidental to the occasion, there was not an obscene word to be heard, nor oath, nor imprecation. Wild and rude was the mirth of the young Claddagh people, but at its very wildest it had nothing to offend modesty. Their speech was curt and sharp, with now and then a strong mixture of irony; the naked truth was told at times where, in more pretentious society, it would have been either concealed or glossed over; flattery was, in fact, so little known or practised that politeness hid her head abashed, but still the Christian precepts were so well observed that one could not help overlooking a roughness which was, after all, but superficial.

The preparations for the grand opening of the fishery were all completed. The phosphoric light, sparkling on the waters far and near, gave indication that the shoals had arrived. Had it been at another time the Claddagh men would have been out in full strength on the following morning, but the next day was Hollintide-Day,* and, of course, the wealth of the broad Bay would not tempt one of them to put out a boat. So the fishing was postponed till the following day.

On that Hallow-Eve, however, there was another sort of business to be done in the Claddagh, pending the capture of the multitudinous visitors on the coast. All the young men and maidens had to take a peep into futurity by means of some one of the old-established "tricks," or spells which were supposed to command the services of the fairy host whose duty it was on that fateful night to reward the patience and perseverance of those who worked the spells by a sight of the future partner of their life whether male or female. The various devices resorted to by the curious it is unnecessary here to describe. Most of my readers are well acquainted with them, and I question if there are many of them, at least of those whose youth was past in Ireland, who have not, in their time, had their fortunes told by the fairies on Hallow-Eve night. Who knows not the strange, prophetic and most dubious forms, typical of trade or calling, into which the molten lead falls when poured through the ring of a key? who has not slept on a red-cheeked apple in which nine *new* pins were stuck, or is any one ignorant of the virtue that abides in the thimblefuls of salt corresponding to the number of the family? Have we not all witnessed, too, the careful sweeping of the hearth, and the raking up of the ashes, which rite was generally performed by an ancient matron on Hallow-Eve night? Wonderful tales have we all *heard* of footmarks being seen on the smooth ashes in the morning, some turned inward, some outward—none of them have we ever *seen*, I'll be bound, for it is one of the peculiarities of these spiritual manifestations that they were always *heard* of, never *seen*. Still these harmless superstitions, with the temporary excitement they occasioned, were in keeping with the character of a poetical, imaginative people, whose life on earth is beautifully interwoven with "the unseen things." Their very superstitions are of a social and genial kind, partaking largely of the poetic fervor of their own temperament.

The general custom was for a number of the young people of both sexes to gather together in those houses where there was fun to be expected. Of this class was Randal More's, because of the three young people who dwelt there, and still more because of Vara Halliday's great skill in the fairy lore peculiar to the season. Vara was the priestess of those mystic spells wrought for the founding of each one's destiny, and whether she really had faith in the oracles or not, she certainly made it appear as if she had. On the night in question, some ten or twelve boys and girls were assembled round the Admiral's fireside. Both Brian Kineely and Shan Driscoll were of the number—so, too, was Sally Kirwan, to the no small annoyance of Brian, who had latterly shunned her company with very remarkable care, all the more so, that the girl evidently sought his, and that with greater eagerness than the Claddagh girls usually displayed on such occasions.

For some reason best known to herself, Vara was particularly anxious that night to have Maureen try her fortune, but Maureen, with her usual caprice, appeared to take no sort of interest in what was going on. Even when she was placed on the hearth in the form of a hazel-nut side by side with another representing Shan Driscoll, she watched the pair with a half-unconscious eye, nor shared in any degree in the intense excitement with which not only Shan, but Brian, too, awaited the result. Great was the mortification of poor Shan when, after divers threatening motions, Maureen's nut fairly jumped away, leaving its mate to burn on in lonely constancy. Brian was just as elated as Shan was depressed, and his heart beat high with blissful expectation as Vara placed another pair on the hearth, designated respectfully after himself and Maureen. The two young men now watched Maureen's face with as much anxiety as they did the emblematic nuts, and to the utter dismay of Shan, and the secret exultation of Brian, there was a degree of earnestness in her gaze and a flush on her cheek that they had not seen there all the evening. There was another, a fourth pair of eyes, watching the progress of that particular pair of nuts, and that was Sally Kirwan. In fact the whole circle, including Randal More himself, were now engrossed by that one pair of nuts, and for some moments they actually seemed as if animated by the spirits that ruled the hour, so capricious were their *pironettes*, and so inexplicable their motions generally. At last they settled down very quietly together, promising a fair share of connubial happiness and contentment. Shan Driscoll's brow lowered, and his dark cheek grew pale, while Brian's glowed like one of the turf-coals before him. Even old More, who occupied a low stool next to the hob, was roused from the torpor of age, and clapped her hands right gleefully at the nuts, indicating her unqualified approval of their very sensible conduct. All at once the nuts began to quiver and the hearts of the interested parties were agitated with them.

"She's going!" cried Shan.

"Sorra that she is," said Randal with much complacency.

"There now! you see how it is!" cried Maureen with a burst of laughter, as Brian's nut made a dart in the direction of the fire. "Brian's gone at last!"

There was a general exclamation of surprise at this most unlooked-for termination of the experiment. Sally Kirwan took no pains to conceal her satisfaction, and Shan took good care to point the triumph in her direction, for which he was sharply rebuked by Brian, who bluntly told him to mind his own business.

Affecting a discomposure which she did not feel, Maureen was rising from her seat, when little Nanno caught hold of her skirt as usual, and said in her low, husky voice: "Stay, Maureen! till we try somebody else—they didn't put down the right one yet!"

"What does she say?" asked one and another.

"Nothing at all that's worth sayin' over again," said Maureen very composedly, but at the same time she took care to draw the child after her.

"Where on earth are you goin' to, girl?" cried Vara, from her seat of honor on the settle in the corner, "we're jest goin' to melt the lead."

"Well, granny, you can try my luck as if I was here—I think you've tried me well enough, at any rate I promised to go over a while to sit with poor Aileen—you see she sent Nanno for me."

Randal looked as if he was going to forbid her going out, and Vara said it was a shame for her to go on with such vagaries, so Maureen made a hasty retreat, regardless of the supplicatory looks which met her on every side.

"Maureen," whispered Nanno, as they crossed the floor together, "why don't you wait till they'd try you and——"

A look from Maureen silenced the little creature, and made her heart sink within her at the same time, for such a look she had never seen in those beautiful eyes which ever beamed on her with tender affection.

On the way to Aileen's cottage Maureen took occasion to warn her little companion that she must never mention the name of any stranger to her that way—"maybe it might do a deal of mischief to me and others if you did. I don't know who you were goin' to speak of that time."

"An' why did you stop me, then?" said the keen-witted child, looking archly up with a furtive side-long glance.

"No matter to you," returned Maureen sharply, "I tell you I'm not pleased with you, Nanno, and if ever you speak to me so again, you and I'll fall out, depend upon it."

This threat touched the child's loving heart, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears, whereupon Maureen applied herself to soothe her, which she did with no small difficulty, just in time to escape Aileen's sharp old eyes.

After sitting half an hour or so with the aged crone who was now bed-ridden, listening patiently to her querulous and fretful reminiscences of departed joys and pleasures, Maureen made up her chaff bed for her, a task which she had imposed on herself ever since the old woman had been unable to do it herself, and then bidding her and Nanno good night she set out for home with that light and springing step peculiar to her own graceful self.

Coming near her father's door, she knew by the obstreperous laughter and other noises from within, that the guests were still there, and taking with her Bran, the big water-dog, Randal's prime favorite, who had been waiting her coming outside the door, she walked down towards the water whose glimmering scintillating surface had tempted her from afar to go and pay homage to its beauty. Seating herself on a stone with Bran at her feet she looked out on the broad expanse of water which appeared in the darkness as though spangled all over; the sky above was of the deepest, darkest blue, and from its depths shone out myriads of the brightest stars Maureen had ever seen, at least so she thought. The opposite shores were only visible in outline, with the lighthouse glaring and flickering through the gloom like some earthly planet of large pretensions. Galway city, though so near, was barely discernible, its taller masses of masonry appearing in relief against the darkened sky. The sounds from the city, and even those from the village, came softened on the ear, making the silence as it were deeper, just as the ray from the lighthouse opposite increased the surrounding gloom. Yet there was something in all this which Maureen relished. Most girls of her age and station would have shrunk appalled from the solitude, the silence and the gloom, but not so Maureen Dhu. There was something within her, and she felt it, too, which assimilated with the wild, lonely grandeur, the desolate vastness of the scene, and she sat lost in thought, dreaming, it might be, till a slight movement of her canine companion arrested her attention. Seeing no one near, she patted the dog's head, and told him to be quiet.

"Maybe you see some of the spirits, Bran!" said she playfully, "or the good people that they are a-foot the night."

Her caresses seemed to have lost their usual effect on Bran, for he sprang to his feet with a low growl, and Maureen herself quickly rose, for a voice which she knew to be that of Mr. Fitzstephen spoke at her side.

"Your dog is sharper than his mistress, Maureen!—he is a faithful friend, however, and I forgive him his distrust."

"Why, indeed, it's no wonder we'd both be started, Mr. Fitzstephen!—down Bran!—be quiet, good dog!" and stooping she laid her hand on the animal's shaggy neck, as though to make sure of his obedience, for Bran was, at times, somewhat fierce, especially with strangers. "Isn't it late you're abroad, an' me thinkin' you were in Scotland!"

"I only got home to-day, and hearing that the fishing was about to commence the day after next, I thought I would profit by the fineness of

* The Feast of All Saints, so called amongst the lower classes all over Ireland.

the evening to walk out and see you about what you know."

"Well! it's mighty strange to me, sir," said Maureen drawing herself up, "that you found *me* out in this lonesome place where I thought there was nobody but myself and Bran!"

"Are you angry, then, Maureen! that I found you out, as you say? Cold and proud, and distant as you are, I thought you would have a word of welcome for a friend who has been weeks—long weeks away!"

There was a mournful tone in Fitzstephen's voice, at all times full and musical, that went straight to Maureen's heart, and she felt as though she would have given much more than she possessed to clasp his hand and tell him she was glad to see him. But the counsels of age, and the prudence which distinguished her from most other girls, alike forbade such a step, and she coldly answered:

"A welcome from the likes of me wouldn't be any great things to you, Mr. Fitzstephen. I think I must be biddin' you good-night, sir! it's time I was at home!"

"Maureen O'Hara!" said Fitzstephen, and he laid his hand on her arm, as if to detain her, "I was going to speak of the communion which you seem to hold with nature—the mysterious instinct which leads you to seek her in her sternest moods"—he was going on, it might be forgetful of the mighty void of ignorance in poor Maureen's mind, when she suddenly interrupted him with:

"Such talk isn't fit for me, your honor!—I don't know what you mean!" There was a touching sadness in the words, and in the tone, that told far more than Maureen was aware of, and Fitzstephen had to pause and make a strong effort before he could answer with composure!

"Pardon me, Maureen! I believe I *was* forgetting—the place—the time—the stars above and the night resting like a veil on the earth—and—the spirit of poetry by one's side—yes, yes, I was forgetting!"

"The spirit!" said Maureen eagerly, taking his words in a very different sense, "yes, there is something in the darkness of night that speaks to my soul—I think it is the voice of God, and I feel while I sit here my love at such a time as if I was dead—away from the world altogether."

The breathless silence with which Fitzstephen listened speedily recalled Maureen from her momentary abstraction, and she felt her cheeks glow at the thought of her own boldness.

"Well now, if that isn't a funny thing," said she laughing, "to hear *me* talking that way to *you*, sir!—an' I'm sure it's newens for me to speak so to any one—God be with you, Mr. Fitzstephen!"

"Just one moment, Maureen! Did you speak to your father about the fishery?"

"I did, sir."

"And what did he say?"

"Nothing that'll be pleasin' to you to hear, your honor!"

"Nevertheless, you must tell me just what he said!"

"Well, sir! he said if ever I'd speak to him again about any such thing that he an' I'd fall out"—here Maureen's voice faltered at the remembrance, "an' that was hard enough on me, Mr. Fitzstephen! for it was the first time he ever said a cross word no me. But no matter for that—he soon got over it. But you see, sir, it's just as I always told you. A body might as well try to move Mutton Island there abroad as move our people from their own ways—and my father especially!"

"If that be so, Maureen, I must only take the matter into my hands."

"What do you mean by that, your honor?"

"It would be no use to tell you now, Maureen! When the Claddagh men refuse to hear reason, we must only try some other means—they shall see before many days go by that when I have made all the necessary arrangements for a lucrative business, I am not to be driven from my purpose by their blind folly!"

"Take care what you say, Mr. Fitzstephen!—you ought to know by this time that it isn't safe to meddle with the same Claddagh men. I ask you again what it is that you mean to do?"

"Well! Maureen, you are the strangest girl—"

"I'm a Claddagh girl, Mr. Fitzstephen, and the daughter of Randal More—do you mean to have my father out for it?"

"I certainly do."

Maureen drew up her slender form to its fullest height, which was considerably beyond that of most females, she made a step or two backwards, and fixed her flashing eyes on Fitzstephen:

"If you do, you'll have but once to rue it, sir, and that's the longest day you have to live." There was a fearful distinctness in her voice and utterance that made every syllable tell, and Fitzstephen gazed in mute astonishment on the still, calm features and the statue-like attitude of the girl, clearly revealed in the starry light. There was a startling contrast between this living, breathing stillness of face and form, and the burning light of the dark eyes whose very depths were stirred with passion. Fitzstephen was at once attracted and repelled by the strange sight, but his mind was so disturbed that he could not all at once get his thoughts into words.

Before he had framed an answer for Maureen's most emphatic pausing, a third voice spoke, it was the harsh and dissonant voice of Vara:

"My soul to glory, now, Mister Fitzstephen! If I'll put up with this any longer; what is it that brings you to the Claddagh so often—and by night, too?—why, if you be huntin' Maureen this way she'll get a bad name as sure as my name is Vara Halliday—and that's what never happened to one belongin' to her in the memory of man!"

"Me get a bad name, granny!" said Maureen haughtily, "and how would that come?—sure it's not my fault if Mr. Fitzstephen comes at times when I happen to be out about the doors? Take my word for it, he has an eye to business—he's not losin' his time, anyhow! though in one way he is, too."

"Well, really," said Fitzstephen with some embarrassment, and he winced more from Maureen's contemptuous manner than from her grandmother's presence, unwelcome and unexpected as it was, "well, really, I must beg to retire—I find I am not able for the pair of you. As for my business, good Mrs. Halliday! your granddaughter may use her own discretion in making it known to you. My visits—either by night or day—will, in all probability, never trouble any of you again. I regret that, on the present occasion, I was not aware of *your* being near, as I might then have paid my court to you instead of Maureen!"

Vara's discordant laugh grated harshly on Fitzstephen's auricular nerve as the old woman replied fiercely:

"Ay! I know well enough how it is with you—it would have answered you mighty well if I hadn't been near—but if I hadn't! master, there'd be somebody still worse for *you*. Do you think we'd let Maureen Dhu out here alone at a time like this without some of us havin' an eye on her—especially a night like this? Whatever you may think of her, I'll tell you one thing—though maybe I shouldn't say it to her face—that there's eyes on her wherever she goes—lovin' eyes, Mister Fitzstephen; ay! an' careful eyes, too!—come along home, girl!" and she took the unresisting Maureen by the shoulder, "I hope this night will be a warnin' to you all your life."

"Whatever I may think of her!" repeated Fitzstephen as they walked rapidly away from him, without either looking back even once, "what I *think* of her is of little consequence. I have other things to think of at the present time."

Lost in his own reflections Fitzstephen stood with folded arms looking out on the luminous waters of the broad Bay, disturbed only by the occasional splash of oars, and the rapid passage of some tiny steamboat. Maureen and her granddame were already out of sight, yet there he stood motionless as a statue. He doubtless thought himself alone, but if so, he was mistaken, for all at once a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder and a Claddagh voice spoke in the Claddagh *patois* close to his ear:

"A word with you, if you please, Mr. Fitzstephen!"

He turned quickly, and in the tall, robust form, and darkly-frowning face before him had little difficulty in recognizing Shan Driscoll. "What! you here, Shan?"

"Your servant, sir," said the young fisherman, in a dry, ironical tone, "I see I don't need to tell my name. I'm not willin' to disturb you if it could be helped, but I want to have a word with you in private, an' I thought this such a fine opportunity that I couldn't let it slip."

"Well, Shan, say quickly what you *have* to say, for it is wearing late."

"You weren't in such a hurry a little time back, Mr. Fitzstephen! but, to be sure, the company was more pleasin'. But if your hurry was *twice* as great as it is you'll hear what I have to say. There's one girl in this village that I have set my heart on—her father an' all the rest of the people are agreeable——"

"I'll soon tell you that, my master! *You* know Maureen Dhu—you know, *maybe as well as I do*, what it is to have the chance of winnin' her, but maybe you don't *me*"—here his voice sank almost to a whisper, he made one step in advance that brought him close to Mr. Fitzstephen, and his eyes gleamed with a wild, fierce light that would have alarmed most men under similar circumstances, "maybe you don't know *me*," repeated Shan slowly, "for if you did, you'd know that the man doesn't step in shoe leather that could go between me and Maureen."

"If you're so sure of her," said Fitzstephen with stern composure, "what need is there for all this talk? I give you joy of the girl's favor, since you appear to think so much of her."

"None of your mockin' or scoffin' now, Mister Fitzstephen! I know well what you're about this while back. I know what brought you here at this untimely hour, but I tell you *it won't do!*—if you were hangin' with diamonds, man! you'd have no chance!"

Fitzstephen's lip quivered, and his dark cheek paled. A tremor shook his whole frame, and the words he might not utter swelled his heart almost to bursting. Yet so great was his self-control that he replied in a calm, passionless voice: "It were a strange tale to be told in Galway streets that Giles Fitzstephen had a quarrel with one of the Claddagh men. For myself I should be doubly sorry for such a thing to occur at the present time, and that for the same reason that brings me here to-night, and has brought me some few times before. I forgive your blustering, Shan! because I know you are laboring under a mistake of some kind—you are in luck, be well assured—make the best of it, then, and don't be knocking your head against the rock like a great fool. If you run fast *now*, you may overtake some that you'll be glad to see,—well for you! that is sure of being well received! Good night!"

There was something in the tone of Fitzstephen's voice that Shan did not like, and he was more than half inclined to give him the weight of his fist on the side of the head. But then had he not said it was all a mistake, and no one ever doubted his word?—had he not said that the business which brought him to the village should soon be known, and had he not stood by the Claddagh when it many a time needed his powerful word in Galway? Shan's anger must have cooled down considerably when he could reason in this way, and Mr. Fitzstephen, as was natural, dreading a rupture just at that time with any of the fishermen and especially Shan Driscoll, was only too glad to take advantage of his quiescent state, and bidding him once more good night, he turned his steps homewards. Shan stood for a moment looking after him with a surly, discontented look, but whatever were his thoughts he did not follow him, although he kept muttering angrily to himself all the way home. "I'll have my eye on him for the time to come," said he, as he raised the latch of his solitary dwelling, "he's worth a watchin', that same gentleman,—but he met his match when he met me—ha! ha!—I'll be up to him, or my name's not Shan Driscoll!—if it wasn't for him, this house wouldn't be as it is—an' och! but it *is* the lonesome place now!—hard fortune to him!—oh God forgive me, what am I sayin'—is it cursin' him I'd be, heapin' sin on my own soul, an' it to do no good either? It's the unluckly night for any one to be a-foot, an' Maureen knows it well—still an' all see how she went out to meet him!" It was both singular and characteristic of the people that no evil suspicion of Maureen's virtue ever crossed the young man's mind, irritated as it was by jealousy and a growing dislike of Fitzstephen. Anxious to make another trial as regarded his matrimonial prospects, Shan put down a salt herring on the embers to broil, and when it was about done he, with much "mouthing" and many wry faces, contrived to swallow it body and bones, hoping thereby to propitiate Queen Mab and obtain at the hands of her pigmy majesty an auspicious glimpse of the future.

Meanwhile Vara and her granddaughter had reached their own door, but before they entered, the old woman laying her hand on Maureen's arm, told her to "stop a minute."

"Well! granny, what is it?"

"Don't be afeard of me, avourneen! I'm not goin' to say an ill word to you *this* time—but listen to me, Maureen!—I had a dream a little while ago, an' it troubled me very sore. I thought I was tryin' your mother's ring on you, an' it wouldn't go on your finger—that was bad enough, achorra! but it was nothing to what I dreamed last night of all——"

"And what was that, granny astore?" said Maureen eagerly.

"I dreamed, agra machree!" and Vara fixed her piercing eyes on those of her granddaughter, "I dreamed that I seen a ring put on your finger by one that I don't want to mention—but the ring wasn't your mother's ring—nor them that put it on one of ourselves."

Had it been daylight, Vara would have seen a ghastly paleness succeeding a burning blush on Maureen's face; but as it was, she neither saw nor heard anything to remove or confirm her suspicions, for, at the moment, Randal opened the door, and seeing them there burst into a loud laugh, and asked was it plotting mischief they were, or what.

(To be continued.)

THE SOCIETY OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

[*Translated from the German of the Wahrheitz-Freund for the* N. Y. TABLET.]

It is a source of great rejoicing to see that this Society, having been in operation already for several years in different sections of the New World, and particularly in British America' at last also finds a favorable reception and propagation within the vast limits of the United States. Among the cities distinguished by their active zeal in the cause, are New York, Cincinnati, Covington, and particularly Boston, where Societies have been formed and placed under the special care of the Sisters of Notre Dame. Further we will only mention York, Gettysburg and McSherrystown, Pa., a small village in Adams Co., where it flourishes among the pupils under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph. But in order to make the cause of the Holy Childhood still more known and to promote its propagation, we will describe more in detail the Society from its documents and annual reports, whereby we do not doubt but all objections and prejudices against its establishment will be effectually removed.

I.—THE OBJECT OF THE SOCIETY.

The Society has in view two things: *First*, regarding the Heathen children; their eternal salvation as well as their temporal welfare. To accomplish this, it has to procure means for their baptism, for buying them out from their unnatural parents; and, for bringing them up good Christians and useful members of society. *Secondly*, respecting the Christian children as members of the Society—it is calculated to gather them around the divine child Jesus, to represent as it were an entire and all-compromising family; to keep their eyes fixed on this holy and sweet pattern in the dangers to which they are exposed in their youth; and finally, to give them an opportunity to become in their very infancy the redeemers of the most wretched children in the world, even by the example and assistance of the divine child Jesus. Let us remind the reader of the infant martyrs of Bethlehem who, according to the views of the Church, were baptized in their own blood for Jesus's sake and saved by Him in His very infancy. Can there be anything more suitable for the tender feelings and pious minds of little children than to engage their co-operation in so grand and sublime a cause! Who does not recognize the admirable economy of God's merciful providence manifested in this Society, by means of which—though apparently trifling and weak—he seems to be pleased to accomplish the two objects above pointed out, viz.: to render our growing generation zealous and practical Christians, and to bring about, after so many ineffectual attempts, the final conversion of China, the largest of all the Heathen empires. According to the letters of the missionaries in that country, the time seems not to be distant when this great and mighty nation will be brought into the one and common fold of Christ. This pious expectation will not appear an exaggeration, when we consider

II.—THE EFFECT OF THE SOCIETY.

In spite of the small monthly contribution of one cent, the entire contributions during the year 1856, amounts to $202,065.

This sum is divided thus:

The Children in	France contributed		$100,700
"	"	Germany	29,475
"	"	Belgium	18 036
"	"	Italy	10,472
"	"	America (Canada and South America)	$3,35
"	"	Switzerland	29,83
"	"	Africa	3,000
"	"	Spain	1,805
"	"	England	1,380
"	"	Asia	1,620

Besides these are several smaller donations.

This table shows how far the Society has already spread in all the Christian countries. No less astonishing it is on the other side to see what the Society has accomplished in the field of its labors—in China and the neighboring Heathen countries.

From the first of May, 1855, to the same date, 1856, by means of this Society there were baptized not less than 329,385 Heathen children; 247,041 died soon after baptism in consequence of former ill-treatment, exposure, &c., as has been stated in our first article. What a glorious army for the heavenly kingdom, and purchased by an association of little children! 9,168 were bought for money. The missionary, P. Fourmer, alone bought in China 1,000 of them for $90,00!—nine cents a piece! For such a trifling sum then the lives of these unhappy Heathen infants may be preserved and their immortal souls, by holy baptism, be saved for glory. Ought not every Catholic child cheerfully offer his cents upon the altar of the Holy Childhood in order to become instrumental in preserving the lives of poor Heathen children and make them heirs of Heaven! Cruel as these unnatural parents are, yet their avarice induces them to sell them for a trifling sum to the Missionaries or the Sisters of Charity rather than to expose them to certain death.

The above figures drawn from the annual reports satisfactorily show God's blessing in a special manner upon the Society of the Holy Childhood, and promise, in due time, to realize all our hopes. Can there be any Christian, who, on seeing so consoling results, shall not exclaim with joy: Fortunate children, ye who were saved through the Holy Childhood, look down from Heaven and assist us in praising our common Saviour, the Divine Infant Jesus now and for ever!

BARBAROUS SUPERSTITION—A DEAD BODY DISINTERRED AND THE HEART TAKEN OUT TO CURE A MAN OF CONSUMPTION!!

[*From the Glen's Falls, N. Y., Republican.*]

A libel and disgrace upon the intelligence of this community was perpetrated last week at the small settlement of Goodspeedsville, some mile or more from this village. It appears that a man by the name of Adams, living in Goodspeedsville, died and was buried seventeen months ago—leaving a wife to mourn his loss. The widow removed to the West and remained there until a short time since, when she returned to this town. Upon her return she found her deceased husband's brother dying with consumption, and declared that he could be cured only in the following manner, which she said was practised where she had been living: The body of her husband should be taken up, the heart dissected, and if any blood was found in the heart, it should be *burned*, and the sick man would recover! *This monstrous proposition was immediately acted upon*—the dead body disinterred—a physician (?) called, who took out the heart and lungs, but not enough blood being found to answer the purpose—the body having lain too long—the further prosecution of the infamous project was abandoned.

And this occurred in a country that boasts of its superior attainments in religion and morality—of its free churches, free schools and untrammelled press—under the blazing light of the "progressive" nineteenth century! Comment is unnecessary. The poor deluded fanatics who were participants in this unheard-of outrage upon the sanctity of the grave are to be pitied more than condemned, and immediate steps should be taken to place them out of harm's way in an Asylum.

The Protestant pulpit orators and journalists of this country when in want of a subject, or when wishing to administer to the ignorance or vanity of their audiences, are perpetually in the habit of drawing a parallel between the intelligence of the masses here and in Europe, but more especially those portions where Catholicity prevails. The result of such comparisons invariably amounts to this, that Protestantism possesses all the attributes which can adorn and dignify man, while Catholicity is deprived of them in a corresponding degree. We hope those flippant Theologians who make "Romish Superstition" a continual theme will look to this matter in Goodspeedsville. Where are the Revivalists? Here is an instance of Protestant superstition of the deepest and most hellish dye, one which demands their earliest and most earnest consideration.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* says that the publication of the letters of Napoleon the First in the *Moniteur* has given great offence in the highest circles of the Austrian capital. One of the documents given in the *Moniteur* is Napoleon's address to the Tyrolese, in which he points out to them that they were the victims of the passions of one single family. The court of Vienna is greatly incensed at this.

Biography of Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan.

Thomas de "Sarsefeld," who arrived in Ireland in 1172, is said to be the first who brought this surname into Ireland. In 1302 King Edward the First invited Thomas and Stephen de "Sarsefeld" to aid him in the Scottish wars. In the time of Edward the Third, Henry, son of David Sarsefeld, resided in the county of Cork. During the same reign, a branch of the family settled in Meath, one of whom, after some generations, styled, "of Lucan," sent two archers to the Hosting of Tara. In 1566, Sir William Sarsfield of Lucan was knighted by Sir Henry Sydney, for his services against Shane O'Neill, and he was seneschal of the Royal Manor of Newcastle in 1591. In 1609, Sir Dominick Sarsfield, being Premier Baronet of Ireland, and Chief Justice of Munster, was one of the three commissioners whom King James assigned to demarcate the municipal boundaries of Cork. In 1609, he was appointed Second Justice of the Irish Court of King's Bench; in 1610, was promoted to the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, and in 1612 had a grant from that Monarch of the Castle of Carriglemlary, in that county, with thirteen plowlands, license to export corn and victuals raised on the premises free of all customs, with all tithes, fisheries, &c., &c.; said Sir Dominick being therefor bound to plant ninety families on the lands. All these premises are stated to have come to the Crown, by the attainder of Philip FitzEdmond Roche. In 1627, this Royal favorite was unadvisedly created Lord Viscount of Kinsale, a title for centuries maintained, with unbroken succession, in the ancient and noble family of De Courcey; whereupon John Lord Courcey, existing Baron of Kinsale, and Gerald his son, petitioned the King and Lords of the Council in England, against Sarsfield's assumption of the dignity. This petition was referred to the Judges, who transferred the question to the Earl Marshal of England, from whose Report it appeared that the De Courceys had from time immemorial been styled Barons of Kinsale and Ringrone; and he held that to have two titles standing, one of the Barony in De Courcey, and another in the Viscounty in Sarsfield, would be an ill-confounding of titles of honor, and that therefore Sir Dominick, though he may retain his rank, should take his title from some other place in Ireland, or be called Viscount Sarsfield; whereupon he took that of Kilmallock. In the outlawries of 1642 appears the name of Peter Sarsfield of Tully, county of Kildare. His son Patrick had two sons, William of Lucan, who married Marie, sister of the Duke of Monmouth; and Patrick, the Colonel at present under consideration. This latter "was highly accomplished, and in personal appearance of a tall and manly figure; he had been an Ensign in France in Monmouth's regiment, and a Lieutenant of the Guards in England." When James came over to Ireland, he ranked as a Brigadier-General, and by his own influence had embodied this noble body of Horse; soon after which, by the death of his elder brother William, he succeeded to the family estates, then considered of the value of £2,000 per annum. He was a Burgess in King James's Charter to Middleton, while Dominick and James were Aldermen in that to Cork, and John a Burgess in that to Limerick.

In the Parliament of 1689, sat Dominick Sarsfield, Viscount Kilmallock, of the Peers. He had a regiment of Infantry in this service; while, in others of this List, James Sarsfield was an Ensign in Colonel Thomas Butler's, as was Joseph Sarsfield in Colonel Charles O'Brien's, in which Ignatius Sarsfield was a Captain. This Ignatius was the son of Patrick Sarsfield of Limerick, theretofore Governor of Clare; his descendants, of kindred collateral to Colonel Patrick, bore the title of the Counts of Sarsfield in the French army.

Early in the Irish campaign, after Mountcashel's defeat before Enniskillen, Sarsfield, then "a young Captain beloved by the soldiery," was stationed with some troops at Sligo, for the defence of Connaught from the Ulster adherents of William; a position which he held until directed to remove, to maintain Athlone against the meditated attack of Lieutenant-General James Douglas. The announcement of his approach affected the object, Gen. Douglas retiring to rejoin his King. It is said of Sarsfield that, even after King William had passed the Boyne, he "implored James, before he left the hill of Dunore, to strike another blow for empire." At the first siege of Limerick, while Major-General Boiseleau had the command of the Garrison, the Duke of Berwick and Colonel Sarsfield were next under him. The latter, pending the siege, (on the 12th August,) surprised, at Kelly-na-Mona, a convoy that was conducting to the besiegers provisions and ammunition. This gallant achievement is fully detailed by Story, the Chaplain of King William. He spiked their cannon and exploded their ammunition; and the same day re-entered Limerick amidst the triumphant shouts of his fellow-soldiers, thenceforth more than ever their idol. Encouraged by his daring exploit, those who were wavering before abandoned all thoughts of capitulation. On the 30th August, King William directed his last assault upon the city, left 2,000 regular troops killed in the trenches, and in five days after embarked himself from Waterford to England.

When the Duke of Tyrconnel went to France, Sarsfield was one of those whom he put in commission to direct the inexperienced Duke of Berwick; to whom, as before mentioned, he had entrusted the command of the army. Soon afterwards the Duke and he attacked the Castle of Birr, the family residence of Sir Lawrence Parsons, ancestor of the present Earl of Rosse; "the principal design, however, of this movement was to break down the bridge of Banagher, but the attempt was found too hazardous at that time, not only as the enemy was very strong on the other side, but as it was defended by a Castle and another work which commanded it on two sides," and the project was consequently abandoned. Sarsfield is represented by Col. O'Kelly, in the "*Excidium Macariæ*," as suspecting Berwick about this time of treacherous correspondence with his uncle, Colonel Churchill, in King William's service.

Tyrconnel, when he returned from France, brought with him a patent from King James, creating this officer Earl of Lucan, Viscount of Tully, and Baron of Rosberry; titles which King William's Chaplain, Story, seems willing to concede to him, even after the conclusion of the campaign. "Lord Lucan," he says, "for so we may venture to call Lieut.-Gen. Sarsfield, since the Articles of Limerick do it." King James then also constituted Sarsfield a Colonel of his Life Guards, and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland; the last appointment proved however soon but titular, as in May, 1691, the Marquis de St. Ruth landed, a foreigner placed over his head by the French King. Yet no jealousy of Sarsfield at this step induced him to abate his zeal for the cause he had espoused; and when, on Tyrconnel's death, D'Usson, the senior officer, assumed the command of Limerick, "Sarsfield attended to all the details, superintended the repair of the fortifications, the providing of ammunition and stores, watched the motions and defeated the designs of the peace party. His vigilance and activity admitted of no relaxation; his ardor inspired the troops with confidence. At the Battle of Aughrim he had been placed by St. Ruth at the left wing of the Irish army, with positive instructions not to stir from that position until he received St. Ruth's orders, an injunction which held him inactive until the death of that Commander closed the contest, the more effectually as Sarsfield, though second in command, was wholly ignorant of the plans of his commander; the officers of the Irish army waited for orders, but none was there to give them.

Sarsfield, after long opposing the capitulation of Limerick, excited much astonishment by ultimately joining those who advocated it. Col. O'Kelly could not see any justification for this change of opinion, and is the more inclined to impeach it, as, pending the arrangement of the terms for surrender, this General dined with the Duke of Wurtemburgh in the English camp. O'Conor, in his "Military Memoirs," defends Sarsfield's motives in a manner that would leave without stain the memory of this truly illustrious Irishman. At a very advanced state of the siege, "his constancy gave way, he apprehended probably that some of the gates or works would be betrayed to the enemy, that the whole garrison would be involved in the horrors of a town taken by storm, and that no terms could in that case be made for the religion or the nation. Overpowered by such considerations, he ultimately acquiesced in the wishes of the majority." The Treaty that he sought proposed indemnity for the past, free liberty of worship, security of titles and estates, admission to all employments civil and military, and equal rights with the Protestants in all the Corporations. Such was the Treaty he sought; such he construed the articles of Limerick, to which he was an executing party. He had however been himself previously attainted on several Inquisitions taken in Dublin, Kildare, Cork, and Kerry; Lady Honoria Sarsfield, his wife, was also outlawed, as were Daniel and David Sarsfield of Sarsfield's Court.

At the Court of Claims, Francis Sarsfield claimed and was allowed a fee in lands at Saggard, county of Dublin, forfeited by Patrick Sarsfield; and in all his other estates in the county of Kildare, &c. Dominick, James, and Patrick Sarsfield, minors, claimed, by their father, Dominick Sarsfield, an estate tail in Cork lands of which he was the late occupant; disallowed. Patrick Sarsfield, in behalf of his son John, a minor, claimed an estate tail in Cork lands forfeited by the said Patrick; allowed, after the decease of John's father and mother. Said Patrick Sarsfield also claimed an estate tail in Lucan, Rathbride, &c.; dismist. The only existing male representative of this illustrious name now in Ireland appears to be Dominick Ronyane Sarsfield of Dough-Cloyne, county of Cork; the lineal descendant of Dominick, the above minor, claimant. William Sarsfield, the aforesaid brother of the Earl of Lucan, left by the Duke of Monmouth's sister a daughter Charlotte, who, after the attainder and forfeiture of her uncle, obtained a grant of some of his estates. She married Agmondisham Vesey, son of the Archbishop of Tuam, and had by him two daughters; Henrietta, who married Cæsar Colclough of Tintern Abbey, county of Wexford; and Anne, who married John Bingham of Castlebar, ancestor of the *present* Earl of Lucan.

On the surrender of Limerick, Sarsfield sedulously urged the removal of many of his old comrades to France, with a sanguine hope of such aid from King Louis as would secure their triumphant return. "The Irish officers," says Harris, "went on board with the best of their forces on the 22d of December, 1691, and with them Sarsfield embarked to seek a fortune in a strange country, when he might have remained an ornament to his own." He landed in due course at Brest, with 4 500 of the expatriated Irish, while a remainder of 19,059 men and officers arrived in France about the same time, in three other divisions, all of whom King James reviewed and regimented. On Sarsfield's arrival in France, the King appointed him to the command of the second troop of Irish Horse Guards, that of the first having been committed to the Duke of Berwick. During the short interval that he outlived the Stuart Dynasty, he addressed various letters, (offered for sale in the Southwell Collections some years since,) signed by himself as Earl of Lucan, to De Ginkle, Earl of Athlone; in which he set forth the displeasure of Louis the Fourteenth, by reason that "the articles of the Capitulation of Limerick had not been punctually performed," and requiring that the delay to so doing should be removed with all imaginable despatch. These communications passed in the year 1692. In the following year he fell on the field of battle. "This year," (1693,) says O'Conor, "is memorable in the annals of the Irish Brigade, for the death of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. He had been instrumental in bringing over a great part of the Irish army to the service of France, and had the command of the troops destined for the invasion of England. After the destruction of the French fleet off La Hogue, the Irish troops marched to Alsace; and Sarsfield, at the close of 1692, was ordered to join the French army in Flanders under the Duke of Luxembourg; in 1693, he was killed in the battle of Landen, at the head of a French division. He fell leading on the charge of strangers; his contemporaries long deplored the loss of this gallant officer, and his memory is still cherished with enthusiastic admiration in his native country. As a partizan, and for desultory warfare, Sarsfield possessed admirable qualifications. Brave, patient, vigilant, rapid, indefatigable, ardent, adventurous, and enterprising; the foremost in the encounter, the last to retreat; he harassed his enemy by sudden, unexpected, and generally irresistible attacks; inspiring his troops with the same ardor and contempt of danger with which his own soul was animated. His valor prolonged the contest in Ireland, and if he had but possessed a corresponding degree of military skill, might materially have altered the issue of the contest." "Patrick Sarsfield," writes a more recent biographer, "may be quoted as a type of loyalty and patriotic devotion. In the annals of Irish History he stands as a parallel to Pierre du Terrail, Chevalier de Bayard, in those of France, and may be equally accounted 'sans peur et sans reproche.' In his public actions firm and consistent, in his private character amiable and unblemished; attached, by religious conviction and hereditary reverence for the 'right divine' of Kings, to the fallen House of Stuart, he drew a sharp sword in the cause of the Monarch he had been brought up to believe his lawful Sovereign, and voluntarily followed him into exile when he could wield it no longer." Arminius was never more popular among the Germans than was Sarsfield among the Irish.

He had married the Lady Honoria de Burgh, daughter of the Earl of Clanricarde, by whom he had one son, James Edward Francis. He fought under his illustrious stepfather, the Marshal Duke of Berwick, in Spain, and was honorably provided for by King Philip the Fifth. The Earl of Lucan left also one daughter, who intermarried with the well-known Baron Theodore de Newburgh, King of Corsica. Sarsfield's widow married the Duke of Berwick in 1695, by whom she had issue as before mentioned. Soon after the death of Lord Lucan, in October, 1693, King James appointed Donough McCarthy, Earl of Clancarthy, his successor in the command of the second troop of Irish Horse Guards. A Captain Peter Drake, of Drake-Rath, county of Meath, who left Ireland on the fall of James the Second's cause, says in a diary kept by him: "From Paris I went (in 1694) to St. Germains, where I met with Mrs. Sarsfield, mother of Lord Lucan, and her two daughters, Lady Kilmallock and Mount Leinster; the eldest of whom, Lady Kilmallock, was my godmother. These ladies, though supported by small pensions," adds the Captain, "received me with great generosity, and treated me with much good nature."

THE CONCLAVE.—During conclave each of the cardinals live apart, with his attendants. His food is brought daily from his own house, and is overhauled, and delivered to him in the shape of "broken victuals," by the watchful guardians of the *turns* and lattices, through which alone anything, even conversation, can penetrate into the seclusion of that sacred retreat. For a few hours; the first evening, the doors are left open, and the nobility, the diplomatic body, and in fact all presentable persons may roam from cell to cell, paying a brief compliment to its occupant, perhaps speaking the same good wishes to fifty, which they know can only be accomplished in one. After that all is closed, a wicket is left accessible for any cardinal to enter, who is not yet arrived; but every aperture is jealously guarded by faithful janitors, judges and prelates of various tribunals, who relieve one another. Every letter even is opened and read, that no communications may be held with the outer world. The very street on which the wing of the conclave looks is barricaded and guarded by a picquet at each end; and as, fortunately, opposite there are no private residences, and all the buildings have access from the back, no inconvenience is thereby created.—*Recollections of the Four Last Popes by Cardinal Wiseman.*

A deputation of Italian ladies waited on the Empress to beg for the life of Orsini and Pierri; but, by order of the Emperor, her Majesty was compelled to decline receiving them. The message from the Emperor on the subject is going the round of the *salons*.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

Lord Rosse has written to the *Post* to contradict a statement which has been going the round of the papers, to the effect that he had declared it as his belief that the approaching summer would be one of the hottest ever witnessed in Ireland. Such reports are very mischievous in their tendency, chiefly from obtaining credence from parties who are unable to satisfy themselves with regard to their truth or inaccuracy. In the instance of this particular fabrication, we have indubitable evidence that one of its direct results has been to deter Ulster farmers from sowing flax seed, in one of the most favorable seasons for that purpose ever remembered.—*Banner of Ulster.*

It affords us much gratification to learn that, in more than one industrial department in Belfast, a decided improvement is already apparent. In the foundries and machine shops more hands are required, and in the factories and sewing warerooms a greater degree of briskness is apparent. We are instructed that the same degree of confidence prevails throughout the principal manufacturing districts in the north; but we regret to hear that, in the Dromore district, sewing is being executed at one-third less than it would be performed for in Belfast.—*Ibid.*

Armagh.

The Earl of Gosford has taken one hundred shares in the Newry and Armagh Railway, an example worthy of being followed by our local gentry. The plans are so far complete that the contracts will shortly be advertised. Just now it would be most desirable that the work had begun, in consequence of the distress amongst the laboring classes. At a meeting of the local directors of this company, held at the terminus, Edward street, the appointment of Mr. M'Culla, as a director, in the room of Mr. Joseph Lupton, resigned, was ratified.—*Guardian.*

A public meeting of the inhabitants of Armagh was held in the Market house, to devise some measures for the relief of the unemployed working classes during the inclemency of the weather—Wm. Paton, Esq., in the chair. A Committee was formed, and a subscription list opened by his Grace the Lord Primate subscribing £15. The Committee again met to distribute in proportion as they thought worthy.

Carlow.

The Lord Chief Justice, who arrived in town on the preceding day from Maryborough, took his seat on the Bench in the Crown Court, accompanied by the High Sheriff. His lordship addressed the Grand Jury as follows: "Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of the county of Carlow, I have the satisfaction of being enabled to inform you that the calendars, in the part of the circuit we have gone through, have been generally light, but I am particularly happy in being able to inform you, that yours is the lightest of all. There are but fourteen numbers, and there is but one of them to excite any attention. They are all, but one, nothing but small larcenies, or trivial assault cases. However, there is one that certainly is quite novel, and if the facts turn out according to the charge, is equally barbarous as it is novel." The Grand Jury then retired to their room, to dispose of the bills sent up by the Clerk of the Crown, after which his lordship proceeded to fiat the presentments. The following jury were empannelled for the trial of the prisoners: Thomas Agar, foreman; Thos. Dowse, Thomas Whitney, Edward Whittey, Thomas Byrne, Thomas Burgess, Jas. Little, Michael Brophy, Jas. Ashmore, John Foley, John Corrigan, and George Kidd.—*Sentinel.*

During the last fortnight Sir John R. Wolseley, Bart., accompanied by his agent, Arthur FitzMaurice, Esq., visited his estates in the counties of Carlow and Wexford, and was warmly received by the tenantry. The tenantry on both estates, we are happy to learn, are in a thriving and prosperous state, and we have no doubt they will continue to advance in prosperity, as it is the intention of the landlord to give every encouragement to useful and permanent improvements.—*Ibid.*

Clare.

We have great pleasure in announcing an act of munificent liberality on the part of a Protestant gentleman—a landlord in Clare—viz., Thomas Rice Henn, Esq., barrister-at-law, of Paradise. Mr. Henn has generously granted, rent free for ever, an excellent site for the new chapel at Ballycorick, which is being built by the worthy and zealous pastor, the Rev. Michael Dynan, P.P., Ballincally, Ennis; and he has further given a sum of £50 as his donation towards the completion of the design, which is very beautiful, and which has been prepared by W. E. Corbett, Esq., C.E. Mr. Henn is highly and deservedly popular; and his liberality will be always gratefully remembered by the parish priest and inhabitants of Ballycorick.—*Limerick Reporter.*

A petition was presented in the Commons by Lord Francis Conyngham, from the grand jury of the county Clare, complaining of the expenses of the valuation of townlands falling on the local rates, and praying for relief; also, from the same body, against the payments of the expenses of the crown-witnesses at assizes, and the expense of lunatic asylums.

Cork.

Mr. Maguire has been honored by the receipt of a Brief from his Holiness Pope Pius IX., constituting him Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory. The elegant translation subjoined is from the pen of the Venerable and Very Rev. Archdeacon O'Shea: "Well-beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Benediction—It behoveth the Roman Pontiff to decorate with illustrious honor those individuals who, honorably distinguished for their attachment to religion and endowed with singular talents, are anxious to display a peculiar fidelity and reverence towards us and the chair of St. Peter. Now we are right well aware of the remarkable proof you have given of your affectionate devotedness to us and the Apostolic See, in your recently published work, and the fruit at once of your pious sentiments, and of your learning and genius. Wherefore, in consideration of these your eminent merits, we are moved to bestow upon you a most honorable title of rank, and thereby testify our hearty good-will and favorable disposition towards you. Having resolved, therefore, to bestow on you a very high and special decoration, and to that effect only, releasing you from all ecclesiastical censures and penalties should you have incurred any such; we, hereby, in virtue of our Apostolic authority, elect and constitute you a Knight Commendator of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, of the Civil Class; and enrol you accordingly in the companionship and number of the said most illustrious order; giving you full and free leave, and authorizing you to wear the Badge and Insignia of this Order; that is to say, an octangular Golden Cross of the larger size, bearing in the middle, on a red ground, a representation of St. Gregory the Great. This cross to be suspended from the neck by a silken red ribbon, edged at each side with yellow. Furthermore, to guard against any mistake or difficulty in arranging the badge, we direct the annexed design to be delivered into your hands. Given at St. Peter's, Rome, under the seal of the Fisherman's Ring, the 5th day of March, A.D., MDCCCLVIII, the 12th year of our Pontificate."

Some gentlemen who had participated in the sports of the hunting season, under the auspices of Lord Fermoy, master of the hounds, entertained his lordship at dinner at the Queen's Arms, Fermoy. Sportsmen to the number of nearly one hundred sat down to an excellent dinner. The chair was taken by T. St. John Grant, Esq., High Sheriff; D. Clancy, Esq., J.P., filling the chair. The entertainment passed off with the utmost satisfaction, and all left with the pleasing sense of having passed a happy evening.—*Reporter.*

A verdict of £40 damages and costs has been returned at the Cork Assizes, against Dr. Scott of Queen's Town, at the suit of Mr. Ede, a public officer, who was charged by Dr. Scott with stealing a piece of the Electric Cable, which he received from Mr. Moriarty, an officer in charge of one of the squadron, by whom the precious specimen had been shown to a party of visitors and handed to Mr. Ede, who believed he got it as a present.

Derry.

On Thursday last, the 18th ult., two policemen of the Articlave constabulary station, near Coleraine, whilst in pursuit of an illicit still, in the parish of Magilligan, were resisted by a man named Edward M'Callion, and his son. A conflict ensued, when the elder M'Callion was stabbed to the heart by one of the policemen, and fell dead, his son also received a bayonet thrust.

An inquest was held in Newtownlimavady, on Tuesday, 16th March, on the body of Catherine Gallagher, who suddenly expired while in the act of preparing her husband's breakfast. Verdict accordingly.

Dublin.

At the Head Police-office, Captain Buchanan of the Scot's Greys, appeared to answer the complaint of John Roberts, a carman, who charged the gallant captain with firing at and wounding him from the windows of Portobello Barracks. Counsel for the defendant, before the case was entered into, however, informed the bench that the matter had been compromised. On Mr. Porter asking what was the compensation given to the carman, he was informed that it was £100! and costs. Practical joking is a luxury that military men only can indulge in—and pay for.—*Nation.*

The election for the University has ended in the return of Mr. Lefroy by a large majority. The exact figures stand thus: Lefroy, 589; Gayer, 350. Majority for Lefroy, 239.

Galway.

We (*Western Star*) feel proud in being able to announce, on authority, that the proposal to confer the dignity of a Borough on Ballinasloe has been favorably received by the Earl of Derby and his Cabinet. Why should the Agricultural Metropolis of the Empire not have a voice in the Legislature?—*Mercury.*

Kerry.

Within the last fortnight, the house of one of the tenants of that respected gentleman, Denis Shine Lawlor, residing at Lissavane, in the parish of Lestry, named Daniel Falvey, was accidentally burned. Falvey held, for a number of years, a respectable rank amongst Mr. Lawlor's happy tenantry. The only remnant of the poor man's property saved are two beds! What, think you, did his landlord do on this occasion? On hearing what occurred, Mr. Lawlor drove to the spot, and with his well known liberality, handed the sufferer fifteen pounds, and has since employed masons and carpenters to rebuild the house, solely at his own expense. This kind act of the model landlord of Kerry, to one of his tenants, cannot reflect greater praise on Mr. Denis Shine Lawlor than he always has deserved.—*Cor. of the Tralee Chronicle.*

Death has at length stricken down, in the 89th year of his age, the highly gifted and accomplished Kerryman, St. John Mason, Esq. The contemporary and cousin-german of Robert Emmett, he was arrested shortly after that chivalrous man fell into the hands of the authorities, and though no evidence could be adduced against him, he was, in the spirit of those evil times, subjected, to use his own nervous words, to "three years of entombed existence" in the prison of Kilmainham; a period of his life of which, we believe, a scathing narrative from his own pen is still in existence. He retained his fine intellect to the last.—*Tralee Chronicle.*

Kilkenny.

An order from the Irish Privy Council appears in the *Dublin Gazette*, appointing, in accordance with the petition of the magistrates of the county assembled at the last quarter sessions of Thomastown, two additional polling places for the future elections of members of parliament for the county of Kilkenny; one to be at Callan for the voters of the baronies of Kells and Callan, and the other at Rosbercon for the voters of the barony of Ida.

There was not a single prisoner in the city jail for trial before J. R. Corballis, Esq., Q. C., the Assistant Barrister, on Friday, at the city quarter sessions. According to the rule followed at the assizes, the worthy chairman of the county should be entitled to the presentation of a pair of white gloves by the sheriff.—*Moderator.*

King's County.

A man of the name of Timothy Conlan, from Derrinsalla, within two miles of Birr, was attacked on his way home, and murdered at the Earl of Rosse's gate. The police have been actively engaged all night in endeavoring to arrest several parties concerned in the outrage.—*Daily Express.*

Limerick.

The report of the directors of the Limerick and Foynes Railway states that the opening of the entire line to Foynes will take place about the 1st of May. Negotiations for a steamer to ply between Kilrush and Foynes have been renewed. The communication by coach between Askeaton station and Tralee has been in operation for some months, and will be much facilitated by the further opening of the line to Foynes; therefore a considerable increase of traffic may be fairly looked for during the approaching summer and autumn.

Louth.

On Wednesday, the festival of Ireland's patron saint, a panegyric on his life and labors was preached in the Linenhall Church, Drogheda, by the Rev. Dr. Murphy, O.P. The congregation was large, and the sermon was a remarkably beautiful one. On the same evening the Rev. Mr. Murphy preached a sermon on the life of St. Patrick, in St. Augustine's Church, Low lane, to a very numerous congregation. There was a collection at the doors in aid of the new church about to be erected. The panegyric was delivered in language worthy of the gifted gentleman who delivered it, and of the subject chosen.—*Drogheda Argus.*

The Drogheda, Meath and Louth steeple chases came off on Wednesday, the 7th of April, within a short distance of the town.—*Ibid.*

An inquest was held before J. P. Neary, Esq., coroner, at Mullameelan, near Ardee, on the body of Thomas Hillard, aged three and a half years. From the evidence it appeared that the mother of deceased went to a neighbor's house for some milk, leaving deceased and a child in the cradle the only persons in the house after her. A girl passing by shortly after heard screams in the house, and having alarmed the neighbors, the deceased was found enveloped in flames, from the effects of which he died next morning. Verdict in accordance with the above.

Meath.

During the week great uneasiness was felt about the Rev. Mr. Dillon, the estimable parish priest of Carlanstown, when it became known that he labored under a really alarming illness. The cry of "Poor Father Dillon—how is he now?" could be heard everywhere. It was even said that he was dead, and this was believed. But we are rejoiced at being able to state now that he is recovering rapidly, and, as it may be hoped, will soon be able to be seen again amongst a people by whom he was and is beloved.—*People.*

Waterford.

That renowned and gallant little gentleman, General Tom Thumb, appeared before the Waterford public, at the Town Hall, recently, giving three representations each day. We need hardly observe that the little gentleman's levees were most densely crowded, on each occasion, by every class in society, and that his characteristic representations of the different characters he personated, such as the Citizen, the Highland Chieftain, the Grecian Statues, Bobbing Around, Napoleon le Grand, and Frederick the Great of Prussia, &c., elicited the most rapturous applause. The songs of Bobbing Around and My Mary Anne were most pleasing, and evidenced much cultivation of the voice. He danced the Sailor's Hornpipe in capital style. The general's little carriage, ponies and servants shared public admiration with himself, and were followed through our streets by crowds of the curious. The general and his *suite* left for Limerick.—*News.*

The festival day of our patron saint, St. Patrick, bloomed genial from the sky, the finest day with which we have as yet been blessed this year. The country people, in great numbers, visited the city, some on business, it being market day, more for recreation, it being a holiday. During the early part of the day the chapels were much crowded by devout congregations, and as usual a solemn High Mass was offered up in St. Patrick's chapel, a very effective sermon being preached by the Rev. G. Commins. The shamrock was observable with almost every one, and we are happy to add that when evening came we saw very few whose flushed appearance or zigzag progress through the streets would denote that they had been engaged in what has been termed almost from time immemorial—drowning their shamrock. The day ended, as every such day should, in a most peaceable manner.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd are to arrive in our city shortly, to take charge of the inmates of the Magdalen Asylum. The Old Presentation Convent (which has been undergoing extensive repairs during the past two months, under the superintendence of the Rev. John Crotty,) is to be their future residence. The Rev. Superioress of the Limerick branch of the order has been staying at the Ursuline Convent, awaiting their arrival from the parent house in France.—*Chronicle.*

Westmeath.

Mrs. Anne Cooper, of Dunboden, near Mullingar, has a half Alderly cow in her possession that has had seven calves within two years: viz., two in 1856, three in 1857, and two recently, all of which are alive.

Wexford.

In memory of that venerable being, "the oldest inhabitant," so peaceable and orderly a holiday has never been remembered in Enniscorthy as the last anniversary of S. Patrick's Day. It was a gratifying sight to the philanthropist and lover of his country to see the numerous working men and their families in their holiday attire, enjoying themselves in recreative walks. There was not one man to be seen in the town of Enniscorthy, on St. Patrick's Day, with the sign of drink on him. The day being unusually fine, the pleasure-boats were all got ready, and the season of boating commenced, Town Commissioner Sinnott acting as Commodore—thus showing that when not engaged in the arduous duties of his civic office, he embraces every opportunity of adding to the enjoyment of his fellow-townsmen.

The American horse-tamer is in a fair way of being outdone. Mr. Nuzum, Enniscorthy, proprietor of the Portsmouth Arms Hotel, has, in his possession, a young thorough-bred horse, which has become so docile under the management of the stable-groom, Patrick Sutton, that it will follow him anywhere, and play with him more like a lady's lap dog than that noble animal, the horse. He will follow his groom into the house, and into any room in it, without evincing the least symptom of restiveness, and retire again at his bidding. The horse is only a very short time under the care of the groom.

An order in council has been made seperating the barony of Shilmalier East from the polling district of Enniscorthy, and annexing it to that of Wexford. We deem this an excellent arrangement—and one that will greatly tend to the convenience of the parliamentary electors residing in that barony.—*Independent.*

DEATH OF JOHN HOGAN, THE IRISH SCULPTOR.

[From the Nation of the 3d April.]

Within the vaulted circle in Glasnevin Cemetery, where rest the ashes of O'Connell, were laid on Tuesday last the mortal remains of one whose name will ever remind an Irishman of his country's glory and her shame—of her glory in that she bore a son so gifted, of her shame in that she honored him so coldly. Tears may fall and marble rise above his grave; the great and proud ones of the land may come to place a wreath upon his tomb and grieve for past indifference and cold neglect; but all the grief of ages, all the gold of Dahomey, will not restore the life tinge to the pallid cheek, or put a life throb into the noble heart that moulders silently below. He is gone—"from man's ingrati tude, to God!"

Since the days when the pen of Moore scathed the Ghouls of London who "came to feed at the grave" of Sheridan, no more glorious spirit ever bent and broke beneath the anguish of the world's neglect; no more damning accusation was recorded against those who left the lamp to expire before the shrine of God-like genius and swelled the throng of votaries at the fane of frivolity and vice. The heaven-given spark that lit the artist's soul and quickened him to the mission of the heaven-like—the chaste, the beautiful could find no worshippers amongst the sordid wealth that satiated itself with the luxuries of vulgarity. The Priests of Folly strutted in all the pomp of pride, while the children of Genius were unnoticed and unhonored. "To wake the soul by tender strokes of art;" to prompt the mind to lofty and ennobling impulses; to idealize the teachings of that inspiration which seeks its agent in the pencil of a Raphael, the pen of a Dante, or the chisel of a Canova, was a vocation too pure for an atmosphere like that which chilled to death the warm spirit of him whose clay-cold hand will never more win laurels for his country or himself.

John Hogan was born at Tallow, county of Waterford, of an ancient and honored family, enjoying that esteem and respect which is so often beyond the reach of gold, and as often—as in this case—found apart from it. But if his father was not a millionaire, his ancestry was not untraceable beyond the days of Dutch troopers or unfathered Cavaliers with Norman names and plundered Irish properties. Even were the fortunes of Hogan's family less bright, how much of true nobility was its heritage was proved in him who possessed not only the genius of an Artist, but the lofty spirit and noble nature of the "aristocracy of intellect." His father belonged to the old Dalcassian sept O'Hogan, of Ardcrona, in Upper Ormond, where the crumbling remains of their turretted castle and belfried church even still remain. His mother, Frances Cox, was great granddaughter of the celebrated Sir Richard Cox, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland in the reign of William and Mary, and Lord Chancellor in that of Queen Anne. Swift, who beneath his keenest satire conveyed the most forcible truths, spoke truly when he told of the lowly lot of "the ancient gentry of Ireland." It is only when such men as Moore, and Hogan, and Barry appear amidst that equality of adversity to which injustice levelled the class, that we recognize them by the possession of one at least "patent" of their nobility, of which no confiscation could deprive them—intellectual superiority. And so it was that the pride of fame was never able to master in Hogan pride of family—pride of that honored parent to whom he was the ever faithful and affectionate son—at whose feet, with all a child's dutifulness, he laid his laurels, and with whom, with all a child's allegiance, he shared his fortunes to the last. He was early destined for the legal profession, but his strong predilections for the Fine Arts broke through all barriers, and he was at length transferred by his father to a path more congenial to his tastes. He was placed under Mr. Deane, architect, of Cork—he who, now Sir Thomas Deane, on Tuesday last stood mourning by the hearse of his early pupil. Hogan entered as a student in the Cork School of Design, and from thenceforth commenced that career—brilliant, but, alas! too brief—which has placed his name amongst the proudest on the roll of fame. Even at the very start he found admirers enough, but few friends amongst the modern "gentry." Every one agreed that for the honor of the country the young Artist should be sent to study in Rome, but it is unknown how long he might have remained astonishing the world by prodigies of his artistic skill in simple pine wood carving in the Cork Gallery of Art, had not an English nobleman, Lord De Tabley, proved his friend. For him Hogan executed in Rome his first work in marble, which now adorns Lord De Tabley's seat in Cheshire.

Hogan's "Drunken Fawn" is the most truly original creation of plaster art which has been given to the world for some centuries. Nothing can exceed the Greek grace, the *abandon* of attitude in which he has thrown this celebrated figure, or the imaginative truth of the expression traced upon the countenance, in which we see the human element gradually subjected to the bestial. This *chef d'ouvre*, executed in answer to a challenge given the young Irish sculptor by Gibson, in the presence of the assembled artists of Rome, had a place in the great London Exhibition of 1851, and would have been awarded the prize but from the circumstance of its being in plaster. Unhappily the sculptor had not transferred to marble this creation, which the great Thorswalsden eulogized as a "miracle of Art."

Those who knew Hogan intimately at Rome describe with regret the extreme sensitiveness and modest pride that was peculiarly his own. Rome was full of wealthy Irishmen, pouring out money in real or imaginary art collections. "Call upon your countrymen and demand their patronage," said Hogan's friends. "Never," said his pride—the pride that told him it was his right to be sought by Irish patrons, not to seek them. And so while other and far less gifted men were reaping golden harvests in the Eternal City, and Irish wealth was pouring into the studios of artists from every other land but his own, the proud young Irishman was reaping merely the European—the world-wide reputation which even his few productions were enough to gain. Even for these, when executed for Ireland, he was, we blush to say, tardily if not scantily paid. His "Dead Christ" was not paid for at all by the original purchasers, and was, after some delay, transferred to others. For a duplicate of the same piece he was—at least up to some years after its execution—paid less than half the stipulated price, or barely the cost of the marble and rough workmanship. His monument to Doctor Doyle—one of his greatest and most beautiful works—was also for a long time unpaid for. We forbear comment now on the requital he received for all this from the Catholic dignitaries of Ireland during the last ten years of his life; nothing but a reluctance to deprive them of the pleasure of even now making reparation to his memory seals our lips and spares them the bitter words of reproach that rise at the thought of how that noble soul was wrung with anguish by their cruel slight and ungrateful and unnational neglect.

His Artist life in Italy, however, was not without its sunny pages. His own joyous and genial disposition would make sunshine of far darker days than ever were his in that country. The young student was light-hearted and happy, but he were made still more so the day he led his young Roman wife to the altar, and pledged her that affection which struggled even with death. A few years after, he visited his native land, and was present at, as our readers will recollect, and a participator in the proceedings at the Tara Meeting in '43. He returned to Rome, where he resumed his professional labors, and at last began to reap the reward of all his fame. Fortune smiled upon him, but, alas! in the midst of what was the commencement of a brilliant and prosperous career, the disastrous events of '48 and '49 plunged Rome into anarchy and dismay. It was now, when meditating a temporary retirement from the city, that, fondly believing the tide of fortune would follow him to Ireland, he determined to make his own country henceforth the scene of his labors, and earn for it the honor of such merit as his productions could achieve. To Ireland he came—this time bringing with him his family. Alas! that we should write it—the sun of his fortunes went down the day he proudly pointed out to his children the land of their father's ancestors. He came full of bright dreams for his country and himself; the patriot and the artist would now commence in earnest the labors that were to immortalize the heroes of Erin, and give to an admiring world the beautiful and glorious episodes of her history; his chisel was to complete what the painters pencil, "the tribunes tongue, and poet's pen," could not convey. The saints of Ireland would throng the cathedral niches, her heroes, and sages, and martyrs, fill the halls and galleries of the land. A beautiful vision—too soon to fade before the biting breath of envious calumny, and the freezing torpor of neglect. He came to experience the ignoble torture of being worried by what he felt to be intellectual inferiority, and encountered by what he felt to be unjust hostility. Unfortunately where he imagined himself wronged, he was incapable of making overtures of supplication, and so estrangement grew and widened between him and those who ought to have been his best friends or most constant patrons. Cliquery too added its sting to his many other irritations, and the flagrant piece of jobbery which rejected his beautiful model for the Moore statue, and disfigured our city with that abortion in College street, planted an arrow in the heart of the great Sculptor. Limerick, however, to its honor, set on foot a movement which commenced what promised to be a new and happy era for Hogan and the country. National monuments seemed about to find room at length in Ireland, and the chisel of Hogan constant employment. He saw the dawn, but it came too late; the bent bow was broken; his health was irretrievably gone, and the consciousness of the peculiar misfortune of being prostrate at such a time as he saw approaching, preyed constantly on his mind and drove him into the grave. His latest hopes were to live at least to see his son and namesake John—who promises to rival his father as an Artist, and imitate him as a man—and his faithful assistant and pupil Mr. Cahill, complete the monument to Father Mathew, and the bas relief for the Wellington testimonial. This hope, however, was fated to be unfulfilled. On Sunday week he visited his studio to take a last look at his great piece—his own favorite—"Hibernia inspiring Brian Boromha." He looked from his unfinished works to his son and pupil—"finish them well, boys," said the Artist, "I am never to handle the chisel more." It was even so; yet hope seemed not all gone up to the following Friday. That night, mayhap, the Banshee's wail was heard among the ruined aisles and moss grown walls of Ardcrone Church; the spirit of Hogan was preparing for its flight. Around his bed stood or knelt his weeping wife and children—those children whom he had almost adored; each pale face of his graceful daughters might have been, in palor and in beauty, a treasure from his studio. Alternately he turned his dying gaze from the faithful companion of his affections to the sacred symbol of salvation; and ever and anon prefaced his dying prayer with a petition for his children. At forty minutes past two on Saturday morning he was no more.

Mr. Hogan was in his fifty-seventh year, and was himself, when in youth and vigor, a model of manly beauty. His tall, erect and well-proportioned figure, his handsome face, his eye in which the unmistakable lustre of genius shone; his noble mien, his extreme simplicity of manners and utter guilelessness will long be remembered by those whose privilege it was to know him within the domestic circle. He leaves eleven children—seven daughters and four sons. One of the latter was the model for the youthful Brian in his "Inspiration," before mentioned; and one of the former for "Hibernia," in his statue of Lord Cloncurry. It is true that this large family—the eldest only eighteen years—are unprovided for, save in so far as it is unnatural not to regard it as certhat the children of such a man, the wards of the Irish nation, are assured of sufficient friends to fill towards them, as far as may be, a father's place—but it is untrue and unjust towards the deceased, and hurtful to the living to assert that he either lived or died in "poverty." His works were far too few and too profitless to yield him what such a man ought to have received, but they were ever sufficient, in hands so careful, to maintain his family in a social position, not, indeed, as lofty as they deserved, yet still independent, and to educate them up to the present, at least, as they ought to be, being the children of Hogan. More than this, however, the country did not enable him to do; it is for it now to make requital, and secure them that provision which it should have accorded through a living father's hands. It remains to be seen whether the public taste and morals of our times are too depraved to worship brute instinct and animal passions less than purifying genius and intellectual greatness; whether a man to be regarded as a hero and receive a hero's guerdon, must have shown his diabolical skill in butchering and disfiguring his species, and not in elevating and ennobling humanity.

Hogan is dead; the brilliant brain whose glorious conceptions won the admiration of a world, is stilled for ever; the hand that seemed to surpass the marble fidelity of Death untouched by Death's decay, has yielded up the palm to the great conquerer: rigid and cold, and pale as one of his own wondrous sculptures, lies the great Artist, calm, placid, glorious even in death. Posterity will name his name with honor, and gaze upon his works with pride; Ireland will place his name amongst the long array of those whose genius through all time kept fresh and green the wreath of fame around her brow. The gilded worthlessness of to-day, which passed him by unnoticed, will return to its original oblivion, but time will only add lustre to his memory. Through life he bore himself like a Christian, and met death with a Christian's hope; a dutiful son, a good brother, a fond husband, an affectionate father, a faithful friend—he had much to forgive the world, and nothing to be forgiven by it. Green be the grass on his grave, peaceful his sleep; let us mourn not only a great Sculptor, but a good man gone to his rest. Lord God look kindly on his orphans, and let light perpetual shine upon his soul!

THE FUNERAL.

The honored remains of this distinguished Irishman were conveyed to their final resting place within the enclosed ground adjoining the spot where the ashes of O'Connell, his friend and patron, reposed, in Prospect Cemetery, Glasnevin.

The hour fixed for the departure of the mournful procession on Tuesday morning from Wentworth place was ten o'clock; but long before that time, vast numbers of carriages occupied by Catholic clergymen and some of the most distinguished professional and literary men resident amongst us, were drawn up in line along the street. Shortly before ten o'clock a splendid hearse, surmounted by dark ostrich plumes, and drawn by six black horses, covered with sable housings, drove up in front of the late residence of the deceased. The coffin, which was of solid Irish oak, containing the remains, were placed within the hearse. The upper section of the lid bore a gilt crucifix, and beneath was a gilt shield with the following inscription: "John Hogan. Died March 27th, 1858, aged 57 years. *Requiescat in pace.*" Above all was placed the hat, sword, scabbard and sword belt of the uniform of the deceased as a member of the Society of St. Luke. The funeral *cortege* proceeded from Wentworth place by Holles street into Merrion square, and as it entered Clare street the long line of carriages extended as far as could be seen in the direction of Mount street. The footways were crowded by hundreds of the working classes who joined the procession, and the windows of the houses on its course were occupied by ladies and gentlemen. In the two mourning carriages which followed the hearse were John, Richard, Edward, and Joseph, the four sons of the deceased. From every street leading to Nassau street carriages joined the procession, and as it entered Grafton street the end of it could not have passed Westland Row. As the hearse approached the College gate, the students, numbering about two hundred, is sued two by two from the inner entrance. They wore their academic caps and gowns, and were headed by Professor Shaw, F.T.C.D., and Professor Carmichael, F.T.C.D. On arriving opposite the gates of the College the hearse drew up to enable the students to take up their position in front of the procession, and as they passed the coffin they lifted their caps in respectful reverence to the dead. This demonstration of nationality and respect for genius was the more to be admired as it was the free and willing act of these gentlemen, and not ordered or enforced in any way by the superiors of the University. The funeral resumed its course up Westmoreland street, over Carlisle bridge, to the end of Sackville street, opposite the Rotundo, when the students drew aside from the line of procession, and remained uncovered while the hearse was passing.

On the procession arriving at the gate of the cemetery the coffin was received by the Rev. Mr. O'Kelly. A procession then formed, and followed the coffin to the Mortuary Chapel, where a number of the clergy had assembled. The usual prayers for the dead having been recited, and absolution of the dead having been pronounced, the coffin was borne from the chapel to its final resting place, on the right hand side of the entrance to the enclosed ground above the vaults of the cemetery. On the coffin being lowered into the earth, the last prayers for the departed were read by the Rev. T. Carro, after which the large number of persons assembled departed.

DEATHS.

At Longford, George Lennox, son of Lennox Bigger, Esq., of Richmond, Dundalk.

In Ennis, Ralph Westropp Brereton, Esq., late of Limerick, and of Woodpark, Queen's County.

At Dundalk, John Solomon, son of John Browne, Esq., M.D.

At 10 Eden quay, Dublin, Mr. William Cameron, aged 35 years

At 35 Aungier street, Jas. F. Carroll, Esq., solicitor.

At South Frederick street, Dublin, Sidney Harding Cashel, Esq., late of Boosthfield, county Tipperary.

At Allen, wife of Mr. James Flanagan, Essex street, Dublin.

At Ranskan, county Clare, Maria Catherine, wife of James Foster, Esq.

At Duggan place, Rathmines, Elizabeth Frazer.

At Kingsland, of bronchitis, John Oliver French, Esq., in his 68th year.

At Drumcondra, on the 11th of March, Delia Gibton, daughter of the late Robert Cope Gibton, Esq., Kilmanagh, county Dublin.

At Kenmare Castle, county Limerick, James Gubbins, Esq., J.P.

At Westport, John Hawkes, Esq., late of Milan Hall, son of the late Thomas Hawkes, Esq., of Milan Hall, and Sermount, county Cork.

At St Stephen's green, Dublin, aged 71 years, Cecilia, daughter of the late Lady Anne and Hugh Henry, Esq., Lodge Park, county Kildare.

At Buenos Ayres, Michael G. Hughes, Esq., son of the late Philip Hughes, Esq., merchant, Newry.

At 32 Ellis's quay, Mrs. Catherine Hunter, in her 42d year.

Aged 82 years, James Madden, Esq., of Camphill.

At 59 Meath street, Dublin, Catherine, wife of Mr. James M'Dowell.

The Rev. Thomas Meehan, third son of Mr. James Meehan, Blackboy, near Limerick, brother of Rev. Dr. Meehan, P.P., Glenroe and Ballyorgan, and cousin to Sister Genevieve, Presentation Convent, Limerick.

At Kilian Glebe, county Wexford, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Edward Moore, Esq., of Moorefford, county Tipperary, aged 77.

Mr. Patrick Mulholland, of Bridge End, Lisburn.

At Belfast, Lieutenant J. Murray, aged 72 years.

At Monkstown, in his 74th year, Mr. Samuel Oldham.

At Clarinda terrace, Kingstown, aged 76 years, Hugh, son of Hugh O'Reilly, of Rathaldron Castle, co. Meath, Esq., J.P.

At Thurles, after a short illness, in the 20th year of her age, Anto, the beloved daughter of Mr. Michael Purcell, Westgate, deeply and sincerely regretted.

In Dublin, Rebecca, relict of James Rawson, of Leighlinbridge, county Carlow.

At Stephen's green, Dublin, Joseph Abdon, second son of Ambrose Sullivan, Esq

IOWA CORRESPONDENCE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Feb. 28th, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TABLET.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to make a few remarks in the columns of your paper, which will be acceptable to your readers, and which, I trust, will go some way in answering the many inquiries that are made, by letter and otherwise, respecting this Far West. The emigration season is near at hand. In a few months, thousands will be speeding their way towards the "setting sun," in search of homes and employment. I believe it to be the duty of those already here, to give all the information that lies in their power, or, if needs be, a word of advice to friends East, for an incalculable amount of evil can easily be prevented by an honest representation of things. Hundreds come out West fooled by the unprincipled accounts given by land speculators, which not only injure the country, but render miserable for a time the dupes of such landsharks. Now, sir, the day of speculation is over here, property, real estate especially, has fallen to one-fourth of its former quotations. The hard times have cleaned the mist from the people's eyes, and now the actual settler can come in and buy land. Farms, part in cultivation, within convenient distance of a town, with 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants such as Council Bluffs, can be purchased at from $3 to $15 per acre, according to the amount of improvements and timber thereon. There is no land with timber to be had at government price within miles of Council Bluffs, or very little in the State of Iowa. But for a small amount good claims can now be made, or bought a little way into the Territory of Nebraska, and entered or pre empted by the holder at $1 25 per acre. The wages here for laboring men last summer was $2 to $2 50 per day without board. Mechanics, $3 to $5; woodchoppers now get $1 to $1 50 per cord; teamsters, from $15 to $25 per month and board. The present hard times justly cause a dulness in the labor marked at these figures; some few remain unemployed, but the demand for girls seems to be always good. Cooks, or girls for general housework, readily get from $2 50 to $5 per week and board. When I read of the destitution of the East, we have every reason to regret that the thousands of your needy, and almost starving women are not settled in the West. The life of a single woman here is not without its trials and temptations, but these, however, are not any greater than what they are in the East, except that persons here have a less opportunity for attending their religious duties. It is to be regretted that many of our countrymen who emigrate West to better their condition take a wrong and dissolute course. It is well known that the only way for our laboring men to obtain anything like a responsible position in society and a foothold in the country, is, mainly, by acquiring land and turning their attention to farming. Now many of our young men who come West work hard round the towns but spend their earnings as fast at drinking, &c., while they ought to go out into the country, hire with the farmers at from $15 to $30 per month and board, and, if not acquainted with the method of farming, learn to use the cradle, the scythe, and the plow, accomplishments which are indispensably necessary to any person that ever dreams of raising a bushel of Western produce. It cannot be urged too often on our hardworking countrymen that it is only through farming they can ever have comfortable homes. They must settle down. It is possible for one to have hard times in this Western country, but even the thoughts of a man owning indisputably and forever the soil he works on, must give an independence and stability to his character which is seldom to be found in the unsettled roving laborer.

I cannot close this communication without remarking that churches are yet few in western Iowa. There is a Catholic Church at Omaha, four miles distant, one in St. John's, N. Y., a hundred miles up the Missouri river, and one I believe in Nebraska City, forty miles south of here. Our Catholic citizens are at present exerting themselves to have one built in this place.

Trusting that the facts in this letter will be of some service to such of your readers as purpose emigrating West, I remain for the present,

Yours, most respectfully, C. F.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, in alluding to the present state of French affairs, says: "Let the public be on their guard, they will find half they read about Paris just now nothing but calumny."

ON MAN CONSIDERED WITH REGARD TO HIS BODY.

If there be anything in the creation calculated to arrest our astonishment more than another, it is the study of man, for whose use and benefit every other object was created. Hence with the poet we may say:

"The proper study for mankind is man."

Man is here below the master-piece of the Almighty. In vain can we endeavor to give his beauties. The pencil is too tame to correspond with the liveliness of the conceptions. Everything in man bespeaks him Lord of the Universe. His attitude, his noble and majestic gait, is that of a commander, and sufficiently announces the superiority of his rank. His head erect seems made to admire the heavens, his future inheritance. On his august countenance is imprinted the character of his dignity, and in his physiognomy may be read the image of his immortal soul. The super-excellency of his nature pierces the material organs, and animates with a divine fire the traits of his countenance. Examine with the nicest eye his every member formed equally for utility and ornament. His head adorned with graceful tresses; his open and raised forehead, his lively and piercing eyes, those eloquent interpreters of the sentiments of his soul; his mouth, the seat of laughter and organ of speech; his hands, the constant source of new productions; his open breast, which projects with so much grace; his easy and dignified figure; his legs so admirably well proportioned to the edifice which they support; his feet, that form the narrow but solid basis—he only touches the earth with his farthest extremities, beholding it, as it were, at a distance, and seeming to despise it. But, if we enter into the interior of this beautiful edifice, we can never satisfy ourselves with contemplating the riches of the detail. What a great variety in the form, structure, order, situation, movement and harmony of the nerves, sinews, bones, joints, veins and arteries; not one of them all ill-shaped, ill-placed, or useless; not one that interferes or hinders the free exercise of the others. What a wonderful microcosm is man, to such as consider the component parts, the harmony and economy of his whole frame, the different fluids, the 400 bones, the 40 different sorts of glands, the 466 muscles, the 40 pair of nerves, the fibres, the membranes, the arteries, the veins, the lymphatic ducts, the excretory vessels, the tendons, the ligaments, the cartilages. Can we consider, without astonishment, the constant play of the lungs, the organs of respiration, together with the energy of the heart, which in a healthy person contracts not much less than 5,000 times in an hour, and transmits the blood to the most remote parts of the body? The large muscles of the arm, or of the thigh, are soon wearied: a day's labor, or a day's journey, exhausts their strength. But the heart toils whole weeks, months, and years unwearied, and is equally a stranger to intermission and fatigue. In whatever light I contemplate the wonderful mechanism of the human frame, where delicacy is united with strength, lightness with solidity, multiplicity of parts with simplicity of the whole, I feel disposed to join the ancient philosopher in his assertion, that the description of the human frame is the most beautiful hymn in honor of the Deity, and had I been an atheist before, like Galen, I should feel compelled to confess, from the excellency of the design, the existence of an Omnipotent Designer. Nor shall any one ever convince me that this body, framed with such exquisite art, and gifted with such excellent powers, is merely destined for the short day of his transitory life, and that it will not be restored to me on a future day infinitely more perfect. When the heavens shall pass away with the noise of a tempest, when the edifice of the universe shall crumble to pieces, I shall not be buried under its ruins, but shall rise again in this very same body, which, if I am careful not to defile with sin, will become conformable to the glorified body of my Saviour.

MORE REFORM IN RUSSIA.—The St. Petersburg *Gazette* of March 6 contains a proposition for the introduction of the new style in the Russian Almanac. When the Julian calendar was changed by Pope Gregory, ten days were added; the English, however, did not adopt the Gregorian style until 1752, when it was found necessary to add eleven days to the current date. The Russians having retained the Julian calendar, now find themselves *twelve* days out of time. Instead of rectifying this error by dropping at once the requisite number of days, it is proposed to effect a gradual reform by omitting the additional days in the next fourteen leap years, which, by the year 1912, would make the Russian calendar correspond with the Gregorian.

There is the actual mitre of St. Thomas of Canterbury in perfect preservation, in the possession of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. The writer has seen it very recently. It is low and angular, composed of white silk, embroidered with gold flowers and scroll work, with a broad band of red silk down the centre and round the margin. It is remarkable that the ties or lappets are worked of different patterns. The mitre had been preserved in the Cathedral of Sens, and was presented by the Archbishop of Sens to Cardinal Wiseman in 1842. There is still another mitre preserved there which belonged to St. Thomas. It is of silver tissue, ornamented with fylfots. An engraving of it is given by Shaw in his "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages."—*Notes and Queries.*

HOME MISCELLANY.

WAR AMONG THE RECRUITS.—We were witness to a speck of war in front of the Recruiting office, opposite our sanctum, a few days ago, says the Detroit *Herald*, which we cannot forbear noticing. It seems that a party of young men, anxious to serve their country, in peace or in war, determined to enlist into the army, and signalize their valor under the folds of our glorious Stars and Stripes, whether called upon to put down rebellion and poligamy in Utah, shoot Indians in the western wilds, or eat soldiers' rations in the snug quarters of some quiet military post, far removed from harm and danger. At any rate they were determined to be "Sogers," and wear blue coats with brass buttons. With this commendable purpose they applied to the recruiting officer to be enlisted as soldiers of our glorious commonwealth. Among them was a little snippy fellow who was running over with valor. He offered his valuable services, but Uncle Sam's regulations were such as to exclude snippy. He was too small. In vain did he plead that his diminutive stature was none of his fault. Although small in size he was big in valor and could "kill an Indian and eat him too." The recruiting officer was inexorable and snippy was rejected. Mortified by being rejected, and stung with the taunts of the larger recruits, who felt disposed to look down upon little snippy, with all the consequence incidental to newly fledged blue coats and striped pants, our valiant little man determined to exhibit his valor (little men are always valiant) by whipping the whole soldier crew, and thereupon he began to lay about him, right and left, dealing cut and thrusts with both of his fists as if he was upon the bloody field of some Waterloo, aiming well directed blows at the peepers of the blue coats, as if shutting up the port holes of a man-of-war. Finally a blue coat closed in with snippy, and a rough and tumble fight ensued, which was most inopportunely interrupted by an officer, who came just at that moment, and marched both the soldier and poor snippy off to jail.

REFLECTIONS ON THE RELIGIOUS EPIDEMIC.—A clergyman in Cincinnati, Rev. Mr. Conway, has recently delivered a discourse in that city, in opposition to the religious epidemic which has recently visited this country. The text chosen was the whirlwind, the storm, the fire, and the still small voice. He compared the present excitement to the three first, in which the Lord was not. There were those, he said, in ancient times, who held a great many prayer-meetings, but we had very high authority for believing that they did all these things "to be seen of men." There were those then who devoured widows' houses and made long prayers for a pretence, a sham, a make-believe, to hide their abominable iniquity. It was all a cheat—all hollow hypocrisy—a cloak put on to deceive. This Rev. gentleman stated that some of the merchants who had lost character and standing during the late financial difficulties, had taken this course in order to bolster up their damaged reputations. Men wanted to make an atonement for their moral short-comings by making long prayers. Mr. C. said that an age of praying was never an age of works, of action, of energy. If converts were made during the excitement, they did not stay made long, but not unfrequently relapsed and became ten times worse than before. The statement that skepticism and infidelity usually have flourished with greater zeal and prosperity after such excitements than at any other period, is a melancholy truth, which no one will venture to contradict. That vice and immorality open their flood-gates with more terrific power after such excitements than before, will hardly be denied. If the present one shall be an exception to all others within our remembrance, no one will be more happy to acknowledge it than ourselves.

IRISH-AMERICAN.—Runaway matches between handsome young Irishmen and the pretty American daughters of their employers are becoming common. We have lately had occasion to chronicle several such interesting incidents; and now the telegram comes flashing along the telegraph to the effect that, Thomas O'Brien has run away with and married the daughter of a Detroit farmer. As usual, the "enraged father" pursued the fugitives, and as usual—for the fates seem generally to be inclined to young lovers—he arrived just in time to be too late. We commend this subject to the serious consideration of the *late* Native American party. Would it not be a sorry joke if, while we are endeavoring to Americanize the "foreign element," it should Irishize the American? No statutory enactment can ever prove a match for the wiles of Cupid. We see no remedy except in the law of retaliation—"an eye for an eye." Let our young men marry the Irish girls. They are generally healthy and good-looking, always willing to be useful, and are susceptible of any degree of polish required. On the whole, we think the remedy would not be bad to take.—*Life Illustrated.*

MACADAMIZED ROAD IN NEW JERSEY.—A macadamized road is being constructed in New Jersey, commencing just outside the limits of Jersey City, at Weehawken Hill, and extending along the Hudson to Bull's Ferry, a distance of four miles. It winds through several picturesque scenes, and passes directly by the spot where the duel was fought between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, which is marked by a cedar and pear tree, as well as a sand stone, on which Hamilton was seated after receiving the fatal wound. The road is twenty-four feet wide, and in no place falls or rises more than four feet in a hundred.

FIRE IN THE WOODS.—We learn from the Bridgeton *Chronicle* that a fire broke out in a piece of woods in Downe Township, Burlington County, and the wind being very high, and the woods very dry, it spread over an area of country comprising an extent of about seven miles in length and three in breadth, until it crossed the pond above Cedarville, where it was one fourth of a mile in width, where its progress was arrested by persons from the vicinity of Cedarville firing against it. Just before the fire had reached the neighborhood where it was stopped, a barn belonging to Mr. Ethan Powell, together with all the contents, was burned to the ground; his house came near sharing the same fate, but through the prompt and active exertions of his neighbors it was saved. This is one of the worst fires in this county for several years. Most of the land which it passed through was covered with oaks and pines, of from six to ten years' growth, which will now have to be cut off. Thousands of acres which, a few days since, bore signs of healthy and luxurious vegetation, are now a mass of blackened limbs and trunks. Several acres of valuable swamp were also destroyed at the same time. So fiercely did the fire rage at one time, that a teamster in a portion of the woods where the fire was burning had barely time to escape with his mules; as it was the wagon which he was in got badly scorched, notwithstanding he drove at the top of his speed while making his exit from the swamp.

TO RAISE POTATOES.—A correspondent, Wm. Aldridge, of Goreland, Ind., writing to the *Prairie Farmer*, states that, having noticed how potatoes were interrupted in their growth, and invariably pined away and died if disturbed and bruised when wet with dew or rain, he selected a patch of a potato field, the whole of which was good soil and in good order to try an experiment. This patch he only plowed once, and then loosened the soil with the hoe when the vines were above ground, and in the heat of the day when they were perfectly dry. He never touched them afterward until they were dug in October last year. These vines kept green throughout the season, and the yield of potatoes was very large. The other portion of this same potato field was purposely worked three times, when the vines were wet with dew. These blighted early, did not produce half a crop, and the potatoes were of a very inferior quality. The ground, seed, and time of planting in both patches were the same. At this season of the year, the foregoing may be very useful information to many of our farmers, who do not generally pay the least attention in cultivating their potatoes as to whether they are wet or dry.

A GOOD WHITEWASH.—As this is the season of the year when people begin to clean up and make things look fresh for the approaching summer, we copy from the *Scientific American* the following in respect to the best and cheapest whitewashes, both for the inside and outside of houses: "Take half a bushel of fresh burned white lime, and slack it either with hot or cold water in a tub or barrel. When thoroughly slacked, dissolve in the water required to thin the lime, two quarts of common salt, stir, it thoroughly, add one quart of sweet milk, and it is ready for use to put on with a brush. This wash is for the outside of buildings, fences, &c., and is very durable. Some put glue in whitewash, and others flour and rice paste; but these render it liable to scale off in very dry weather. The above wash may be made a cream color by the addition of ochre. The above whitewash is all that can be desired for the interior of houses, excepting the salt, it must be omitted, as it tends to imbibe moisture. French white is superior to lime washes for the ceilings of rooms, as it is not so liable to turn yellowish in color, but it rubs off so easily that it cannot be used for side walls."

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT CUYAHOGA FALLS.—The citizens of Cuyahoga Falls were lately surprised by the sudden appearance in the street of some forty "female women," armed with axes, hatches, hammers, &c. The curiously armed and equipped females immediately proceeded to the saloon over the post-office—the doors of which were barred against them. They demanded admission, and whatever of the ardent the premises contained. Both requests were denied. But as

"Hell hath no fury like a woman (s)*corned*,"

they soon chopped the doors down and made a complete wreck of the establishment. They then marched to the other saloon and soon mingled several barrels of "Lawty's best" with the waters of the dark rolling Cuyahoga. At the hotel the Amazons met with rather a warm reception—a plentiful sprinkling of hot and cold water, and the contents of useful but unpoetic "wessels," keeping them at bay for some time. However, they effected an entrance, but spared the landlord's ale on his promising to sell no more.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

SAGACITY OF A DOG.—As a policeman was passing the brick yard at the Lead of Broeck street, lately, he was overtaken by a Newfoundland dog, who acted in such a strange manner that the policeman was compelled to pay attention to him. The dog would look up in his face, bark, and then dash off to the brick yard. He would return in a few moments and go through the same performance again. Policeman, believing that the dog had an object in view, followed him to the yard and there found a little female child about three weeks old, lying on a few shavings, where it had been placed by some unnatural monster who wished to get rid of her offspring. The child was taken to the Station House and properly cared for.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

AN EDITOR'S IMPRESSION OF SAVANNAH AND HER PEOPLE.—Gaulden, of the "Empire State," who was recently on a visit to Savannah, thus concludes a long article upon the sights he saw, and the things he enjoyed while there. He says: "Their kindness, and courtesy, and hospitality to us; the princely manner in which we have been feasted and entertained and 'lionized" by them in private and in public, have overwhelmed us with gratitude, which language is too poor to express. It is with difficulty that we forbear to mention the names of some of those who were more devoted in their attentions, but fearing it might be offensive to their modesty we refrain. We have had one conviction fastened upon our minds by our late visit to the Seaboard, and that is, Savannah 'swell headism,' is a creature of the imagination. We shall endeavor to cultivate an acquaintance so auspiciously commenced, and use our efforts to draw the bonds closer and closer, which bind together the up-country and low-country, making their interests identical, 'one and indivisible.'"

A BANKER RETURNED TO BILL POSTING.—The Cincinnati *Enquirer* has the following: "Passing along the street lately, our attention was suddenly drawn to a scene not little novel and interesting in its character. In an alley, with paste pot in hand, and a roll of bills on his arm, whom should we see but Wesley Smead, late president of the Citizens' Bank, posting his own bills of property for sale, for the purpose of paying off the remaining debts of the bank. Heedless of the wandering gaze of the astonished passer-by, he laid on the paste and spread out the bills with all the readiness and facility of a practical poster, taking care to place them in the most conspicuous positions, and above the reach of boys and rag-pickers. Forty-three years ago Dr. Smead was an apprentice in the *Gazette* establishment, and being the youngest, the duty devolved upon him of posting up the show bills, &c. At this late period of his life, when overtaken by adversity, he is nobly struggling (a rare sight, indeed, among bankers) to discharge all his obligations to his creditors."

A YOUNG AMERICAN.—A certain judge while attending a court in a shire town, was passing along the road where a boy was letting down the bars to drive some cattle in. His father stood in the door of his home, on the opposite side of the road, and seeing what his hopeful boy was doing, shouted out—"John, don't you drive the cattle in there, I told you to put them in the pasture behind the house." The boy took no notice whatever of the remonstrance, and his father repeated the order in a louder tone, without the least effect—and a third time gave positive orders not to drive the cattle in there. The son didn't even deign to look up, and disobeyed the parental injunction with a coolness which positively shocked the judge, who, looking at the culprit, said, in a tone of official duty: "Boy, don't you hear your father speaking to you?" "Oh, ya-a-s," replied the youth, casting a glance at the judge and then at the parent, "but I don't mind what he says. Mother don't neither, and twixt she and I, we've about got the dog so he don't."

THE LAKES OF MINNESOTA.—A correspondent of the *Minnesotian* supplies that paper with a table giving the dimensions of ninety-three lakes in Minnesota, comprising the larger number of those most known. Thousands of others of smaller extent are distributed over the surface of the country, and a great many of a mile or two in length have been omitted for want of a name. The largest lakes in the State, according to this table, are Red Lake, in Pembina County, thirty miles long by twenty wide; Big Stone Lake, thirty miles long by three wide; Mille Lac, twenty miles long and fifteen wide; Lac Traverse, twenty-five miles long by three wide; and Leech Lake, twenty miles long by eleven wide. Most of the list, however, are from one and a half to six miles long, and from one to three miles wide. The water in all these lakes is perfectly pure and sweet, and they are all of great beauty of shore and surroundings. The lakes of Minnesota form a distinguishing feature of the country, and lend an air of romance to the scene.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.—Washington city is now regarded as the "hardest place" in the country—not excepting Louisville or Baltimore. The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Post* says: "Murders and assaults, unprovoked, and apparently out of a rampant, malicious, wanton spirit of sheer deviltry, occur almost every day; and the injured party is generally the only one who is even arrested. Nobody is punished. Our policemen are so much above their business that they will not wear badges, and accordingly nobody knows where to find one if wanted. Things have, in fact, arrived at such a desperate pass, that the citizens are actually thinking of getting up a vigilance committee and ridding the city in a summary manner of the ruffians who infest it. The experiment of a citizen's patrol will first be tried, however, and meetings are now occurring for the purpose of arranging an expedient of this sort."

LOVE POWDERS AND POISON.—A poor mulatto girl (a slave) has recently been tried at New Orleans, on a charge of having attempted to poison her mistress and the family. It was proved that she sprinkled some powder on a dish of oysters which made some of the family sick. It came out in the trial, however, that the poor girl was innocent of an evil design. The powder being analyzed, was found not to be poisonous; and the girl, in her simple innocence, having been told that it had the charm of love powder, had sprinkled it on the food in order to make her mistress love her.

FROM NEW GRANADA.—Bogota papers of the 26th of February record some of the proceedings in the Congress of New Granada relative to the treaty lately made between that country and the United States. In the Senate the treaty was rejected on the 16th by a vote of eleven against seven. On the 20th the question was brought up for reconsideration, and admitted by a vote of nine against seven. On the 22d Gen. Mosquera proposed the following resolution, which was agreed to: "Refer the convention with the United States to a special commission, who will report anew to the Senate, taking into consideration the discussion of to-day and all the antecedents of the question." General Mosquera, Senor Anaya, and Senor Vega were appointed a committee for the purpose. This reference appears to have resulted in the ratification of the treaty, of which we have intelligence in accounts of a later date.

SIMPLE MODE OF TESTING COFFEE.—Any judge of coffee can tell, when he tastes the infusion, whether it contains chicory or not. On looking at the grounds, pure coffee will be found to have a granular character, but chicory always settles into a sort of mud, and indeed, if it be largely incorporated, some of it will find its way to the cups even when the infusion is well settled. Its soft, muddy character will always find it out. But an unfailing test is, to put a little of the suspected coffee into a wine-glass of clear water; do not shake it, but let it lie still on the surface; if the coffee be genuine, it will remain floating for a long time, and will scarcely color the water, but if the chicory be present, the latter will sink speedily and give the water a deep brown tint. This test is applicable to roasted corn, which is also used as a sophistication.—*Adulteration Detected.*

WHAT'S THE PRICE OF POSTAGE.—A gentleman called at the General Post Office in Nassau street a few days since, and handing in at one of the windows a small book or pamphlet, requested the clerk to inform him how much postage was required to send it to Europe. Having weighed it, the clerk stated to the party that if he would put the book in an envelope *without sealing*, the postage would be *one* cent. Stepping back to his store, he did as requested, and returning, happened to go to another window, but the clerk here would not take it unless *eight cents* were paid. Not relishing the "sudden rise," he went to another window, and was here charged *four cents*; finally, going to the fourth, out of mere curiosity, he managed to send it for *two cents!* What *is* the Price of Postage?—*N. Y. Daily News.*

A FIFTEEN DOLLAR WIFE IN TROUBLE.—The Lockport *Courier* says that Mrs. Lovina Fisher of Newfane was examined recently on a charge of grand larceny, in taking notes, certificates and other papers belonging to the estate of Wanen Carpenter, deceased. The case is somewhat peculiar. Mrs. Fisher lived with Carpenter for six years discharging all the duties of a wife and housekeeper. Carpenter made no will and his brothers took out letters of adminstration on the estate and caused the arrest. It came out in evidence that *Carpenter purchased Mrs. Lovina of her husband six years ago for the sum of* $15, and that they had lived together as man and wife since that time. She was held to bail to await the action of the Grand Jury in the sum of $200.

OVERFLOW OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—A friend who has arrived from New Orleans informs us that in consequence of a flood in the White and Arkansas rivers, the Mississippi river has risen between Natchez and Memphis higher than has ever been known before. At Napoleon the water was five feet deep in the streets, the levee had given way, and the surrounding country was flooded. Thirty-one deer were killed on the levee at that place, where they had taken refuge from the flood. All along the river men and cattle had taken to the flatboats to escape the inundation. The flood had caused great desolation, sweeping away houses, barns, cattle, and even men in its fury. The cotton crop is injured in many places; but there will be ample time to replant.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

DEFALCATION.—A correspondent of the Buffalo *Courier* writing from Batavia, April 10, says: "The Collector of Taxes of the town of Leroy, in this county, named N. A. Sutton, has suddenly left the town, and it is ascertained that he is a defaulter from $5,000 to $10,000. He had collected nearly all of the town tax, over $5,000, borrowed all the money he could from his friends, raised all that could be raised by mortgaging his effects, or in any other way, and then decamped. He has been Deputy Sheriff for several years, and at the town meeting held in March last, was elected Justice of the Peace for four years. It is doubtful whether the defalcation can be made good by his bail."

SURRENDER OF BILLY BOWLEGS.—The Florida War has made three men famous: Osceola, Sam Jones and Billy Bowlegs—all Indians. The whites on our side have generally considered themselves lucky in getting off with the trophy each with a whole skin, and when once relieved from the everglades of Florida, they are generally willing to drop the matter as a subject of conversation. The last Indian hero is Billy Bowlegs, and he (the Florida *Messenger* says) has surrendered his troublesome sword, and with his whole party is now at Tampa Bay, awaiting his departure for the West. So we may conclude, that for the fortieth time, "the Florida War is ended."

SUNDAY.—One of the most beautiful expressions of Longfellow is this: "Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week."

JEFFERSON'S OPINION OF ARDENT SPIRITS.—"The habit of using ardent spirits by men in public office has occasioned more injury to the public service, and more trouble to me, than any other circumstance which has occurred in the internal concerns of the country during my administration, and were I to commence my administration, with the knowledge I have acquired from experience, the first question I would ask in regard to every candidate for public office would be, is he addicted to the use of ardent spirits."

PURCHASE OF MOUNT VERNON.—The Richmond *Whig* says: "We are happy to announce that on the 6th instant, in the presence of the two parties, and the counsel of the Association and the proprietor of Mount Vernon, a contract was formally entered into before a notary, between John A. Washington, Esq., and the Regent of the Association, for the purchase of the home and grave of Washington by the Association."

EDITORIAL CASUISTRY.—A Pennsylvania editor says: "Somebody brought one bottle of sour water into our office with the request to notice it as lemon beer. If Esau was green enough to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, it does not prove that we will tell a fourshilling lie for five cents."

BRIDGING THE MISSISSIPPI.—The people of St. Paul, Minnesota, have recently voted to raise a loan of $100,000 to complete the bridge now in the course of construction across the Mississippi at that place. The estimated cost is $140,000, and the structure is to be completed during the coming summer.

A SINGULAR MARRIAGE.—Two couples were married in New Baltimore, lately, under peculiar circumstances. Twin sisters married twin brothers, and the wedding day was the anniversary of the birthday of the brides.

Yesterday immense flocks of wild geese passed over the city towards colder climes, uttering, as they sailed rapidly along, shrill notes that reached the ears of the listening crowds below them. They formed themselves into an acute angle of great size, the leader being the appex—and thus they passed on with the regularity of an army marching to battle. These migrations northward of the feathered tribes, that have been feeding along the sunny shores to southward, are said to be certain signs that the cold weather is over—that the winter has gone and that spring fully and fairly asserts and enforces her claim to scatter her charms over the earth, and brighten up with pleasant colors the vast plains, hills and fertile fields that have long been held in check by the icy influences of the frost king.—*St. Louis Leader.*

The last Legislature of Florida having provided for the construction of a canal connecting the waters of the St. John's with those of Indian River, Governor Perry has appointed commissioners to survey and lay out the work, and they will speedily commence their task. When this work is completed Florida will have a continuous line of inland navigation for steamboats parallel to the Atlantic seashore for nearly her entire eastern coast; and when the Fernandina and Cedar Keys Railroad is finished she will have an iron way connecting the Atlantic with a Gulf port through the upper portion of the Peninsula.

A terrible accident occured in a distillery at Cincinnati. A little girl about ten years of age, the daughter of the engineer of the establishmen, carried the dinner to her father at the usual hour, and while running about the building, caught her arm in some portion of the machinery, instantly crushing it to atoms, and literally tearing it from her body. The right leg and head were then drawn into the machinery, and both were crushed and mangled in a horrible manner! Of coures death followed almost instantly.

From Salt Lake our advices to February the 6th inform us that the Mormons still exhibit strong belligerent propensities. They are firmly determined not to receive any Governor appointed by the President. From Oregon the news is not interesting. The people appear to be engaged in an interminable political dispute, and have no time for anything else. The establishment of a military post in Colville Valley is demanded as a protection against the Indians.

It is a curious and affecting circumstance (says the *National Intelligencer*) that the youngest and oldest of the family should have died within a few hours of each other under the same roof. An infant grandson of Col. Benton, the child of Mr. William Carey Jones, died in the house of his grandfather yesterday morning, and the nurseling and the grandsire now lie side by side in death on the same bier. The remains of both were placed in the railroad cars on their way to St. Louis for interment.

Eleazer Williams, who was claimed to be the son of Louis XVI., and rightful heir to the throne of France, was recently attacked in Washington, D.C., by an assassin, whose attempt be at length succeeded in foiling by his outcries and his vigorous resistance. Mr. Williams, who is now seventy eight years old, has been much prostrated by the excitement and exertion of the contest. The cause of attack is unknown.

The total number of births recorded in Connecticut during the year 1857, is 11,335. In 1856, it was 11,129; increase 216. Of mariages, in 1856, 3,747; in 1857, 4,089; decrease 342. In 1855, the number was 4,586, or 539 more than in 1857. The number of deaths reported in 1857 is 6,585; in 1856, it was 6,324 showing an increase of 261.

An Ohio stumper, while making a speech recently, paused in the midst of it and exclaimed: "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?" Instantly a man rose in the assembly, and with one eye partly closed, modestly, with Scotch brogue, replied: "I think, sir, I do, indeed, sir—I think if you and I would stump the country together, we could tell more lies than any two men in the country, sir, and I'd not say a word myself all the time, sir."

John Bogardus, of Catskill, is under arrest on suspicion of having poisoned his wife. It is alleged that he has for some time treated her so brutally, that her father took her to his house. She was laboring under a strange illness at the time, and continued to grow worse and worse, when she died. It is suspected that a slow poison was administered to her by her husband, and he was arrested on suspicion of having poisoned her.

The point of dispute between Maryland and Virginia seems to be whether the North Branch of the Potomac, as now recognized, is truly the real boundary line, many who profess to have a knowledge of the early history of these States saying that it is not. The Legislatures of both Virginia and Maryland have passed bills for the adjustment of the difficulty.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

In removing some bodies from an old graveyard in Allentown, Pa., recently, two bodies were found to be petrified—one perfectly and the other partly so. The one was found to be almost as perfect as it appeared in life, but turned into solid stone. It had been buried 14 years.

Cæsar, an African, aged about *one hundred and twenty years*, recently fell into the Mississippi River at Baton Rouge, La. A gentleman of that city, who is over seventy years of age, says, when he was a boy, Cæsar was too old and infirm for plantation work.

Hon. Edward Everett delivered his beautiful address on the character of Washington at Savannah, Georgia, on the 7th inst. The audience was large and highly respectable, and evinced a high appreciation of the intellectual treat afforded them.

The Roman Catholic Church at Rondout was robbed by burglars recently, who effected an entrance into the vestry through the back window. A large quantity of wine stored in the vestry for sacramental purposes, and a valuable piece of solid silver plate, were stolen.

It is said that many citizens of Monterey petitioned the Governor for the pardon of Jose Anastosia, recently hung for murder, as he was the only fiddler in the town, and they could not carry on their fandangoes without him.

Only seven lawyers are known to be elected to the new House of Representatives in New Hampshire. This is a remarkable as well as a happy occurrence in a legislative body numbering 316 members.

Mr. William D. Brown died at Nashville, Tennessee, a few days since, in consequence of swallowing, during sleep, a piece of gold plate and three artificial teeth, which he had forgotten to remove when retiring to bed.

J. W. Gray, editor of the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, lost the sight of one eye recently from the explosion of a percussion cap which his little son was firing from a toy-gun.

A dandy, with a cigar in his mouth, entered a menagarie, when the proprietor asked him to take the weed from his mouth, lest he should learn the other monkeys bad habits.

Henry Murray, Postmaster of Lewiston, has been held to bail in the sum of $3,500 by Commissioner Conkling at Buffalo on a charge of embezzlement.

Mr. G. H. Hunger, the District Attorney, of Oneida County, was knocked down by two ruffians near his residence in Camden, recently, and robbed.

There are five hundred and fifty-six lighthouses on our Atlantic and Lake Coasts, each of which consumes about one thousand gallons of oil per annum.

By some strange mistake the name of Buena Vista is placed on General Worth's monument in New York. He was not in that battle.

A new work is now in press which it is anticipated will meet with an immense sale. It is entitled "Smith on the Evasion of Debts."

The Wabash River has risen to such a height that the whole country around it has been inundated, greatly to the damage of the farms.

Died at Moriah, N. Y., on the morning of March the 4th, Mr. John Titus, a revolutionary soldier, in the 97th year of his age.

The army of the United States is more expensive, in proportion, than that of any other power in the world.

It is said that Southern Indiana is full of pigeons. There are millions of them darkening the air and covering the woods.

There is stated to be an extensive organization in the Southern States to aid the liberal party in Mexico.

The mountains about Wilkesbarre (Pa.) have been on fire for a week or more, destroying an immense amount of timber.

The ladies of the Catholic Church at Upper Marlboro', Md., have purchased a new church organ for $600.

Bakers, generally speaking, are a set of *loafers*, often *kneed*-y, and not always well *bred*.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her.

Truth is like steam; the more it is compressed, the greater is its force of expansion.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRER.—The O'Dowds were head chiefs of the Ui Fiachrach whose territory comprised the whole of the present County Sligo, and the greater part of Mayo. They were descended from Fiachra, son of King Dathi, who died beyond the Alps, and were inaugurated princes of North Connaught at Cairn Amalgraed, near Killala. The O'Moores were Princes of Leix and Treasurers of Leinster. The last, Roger, was the soul of the great rebellion of 1641. For further particulars see Keating, translated by O'Mahoney.

B. McG.—We do not understand you clearly. "The Ecclesiastical Chart" is already printed and bound with "Milner's End of Controversy." If you wanted a separate one printed it would cost a considerable amount. You should have given us your residence and we would have written to you.

A SUBSCRIBER, Charlotte, N. Y.—The papers left this office as usual. The fault must be in the Post Office—however, we send you and all our Subscribers the missing numbers.

Correspondents are requested to send in their communications by Saturday of each week, in order to insure their insertion the week following.

TWILIGHT.

BY FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

There is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest,
And the eye sees life's dreary scenes depart,
As fades the day-beam in the rosy West.
'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret
We gaze u. on them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet,
But Hope is round us with her angel lay,
Hailing after some happier moonlight hour;
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their power.

In youth, the cheek was crimson'd with the glow;
Her smile was loveliest then; her matin-song
Was heav-n's own music, and the note of woe
Was all unheard her sunny bowers among.
Life's little world of bliss was newly born;
We knew not, cared not, it was born to die;
Finished with the cool breeze and the dews of morn,
With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,
And mocked the passing clouds that dimm'd its blue,
Like our own sorrows then—as fleeting and as few.

And manhood felt her sway too—on the eye
Half realized, her earthly dreams most bright,
Her promised bower of happiness seem'd nigh,
Its days of joy, its vigils of de ight;
And though at times might lower the thunder storm,
And the red l ghtnings threaten still the air
Was balmy with her breath, and her loved form,
The rainbow of the h.art was hovering there.
'Tis in life's noontide she is nearest s en
Her wreath the summer-flower, her robe of summer green.

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress,
There's more of heaven's pure beam about her now;
The angel smile of tranquil loveliness,
Which the heart worships glowing on her brow.
The smile shall brighten the dim e ening star,
That points our destined tomb, nor e'er depart
Till the faint light of life is fled afar,
And hushed the last deep beating of the heart.
The meteor bearer of our parting breath,
A moonbeam in the midnight cloud of death.

ORDER IN MEXICO.—Not order exactly, but approaches to it. A complete success over the coalition of Doblado, Parrodi, and other defenders of the Jaurez faction, is announced in the *Mexican Extraordinary*, together with the surrender of the two former, and the flight of Jaurez to Acupulco, or possibly San Francisco. That is to say, Zuclaga is proceeding steadily from one conquest to another over the cliques, and is now, so far as human eyes can see, safe from serious disturbance.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, '58.

BANCROFT ON JOHNSON AND WESLEY.

NONE of our authors has earned a greater reputation for liberality among all classes of our population than Mr. Bancroft, and yet there is not one of them, we believe, who would commit the error which he has done in his sketches of Dr. Johnson and John Wesley. The Historian of the United States lays down a political standard of merit, as all national historians must, and finds that Dr. Johnson is to be condemned for writing "Taxation no Tyranny;" but when he comes to cast up the account of John Wesley, (who believed that many of the evils of his times were chastisements from God on account of the *leniency* shown to the Colonies,) he overlooks his own rule, and actually praises the fanatic! John Wesley dooms the Colonists to damnation for their rebellion against the King, and Mr. Bancroft pays him nothing but compliments. Dr. Johnson argues in favor of a mere political privilege acknowledged since the earliest times, and Mr. Bancroft, in a heat which he seldom suffers himself to fall, shouts at the venerable ornament of the last century "pensioner! pensioner!" with expletives to match.

This is neither candid, nor just. On the mere political question of the right of insurrection Johnson was nearer the truth than Wesley, and in personal character and merit he was surely as deserving. Wesley incited the Lord Gordon riots. Johnson merely believed in the Cock-Lane Ghost. Wesley held that no Catholic should be suffered to live under a Protestant government. Johnson, church man as he was, paid them and their religion the highest tributes of praise. Wesley lives in the contentions which he helped to create; Johnson in the noble works of amusement and instruction which he has bequeathed. The life of the one is inextricably mixed up with the riots in which Lord Mansfield's library was gutted, a parliament intimidated, and a city in flames. That of the other is as indissolubly linked with scenes in which starring authors are helped from a purse little able to spare, widows are supported by toilsome bookmaking without the assistance of patrons, and the blind and the lame eat off of the same ricketty wooden table in a garret as the writer of *Rasselas*.

The charge that Johnson wrote against the Colonies, because his friends procured him a pension, is disproved by his whole history, and it does not become a literary man to make it. We owe to *Ursa Major*, as Gray called him, the first and most efficient attempts to cut literature adrift from the reeking old hulk of Patronage. His letter to Chesterfield is a noble evidence of his independence. Whether throwing away a pair of new boots sent him out of pity for his bare soles—or defining the term which Bancroft attaches to him—PENSIONER—"a man who takes pay for betraying his country"—he was always self-asserting, always plain-spoken, always fearless of enemies and fearful of contracting obligations, even such as could, in no manner, compromise, or appear to compromise, his opinions. A "Pensioner" he was, Mr. Bancroft, but not a craven. He never wrote a line "for service done," and he eat State bread because he had proved the power of doing without it, so long as he could not eat it freely.

THE DISEASES OF THE EAR.—One of the most suggestive Essays which we have read for many a day is Dr. Colgan's on "Diseases of the Ear," delivered before the Medical Society of Brooklyn last year, and now in course of publication. We are not, of course, supposed to know much about Aural Pathology; but we see enough in this Essay to justify us in regarding it as a very important acquisition to the medical body. It is full of evidences of deep study, original thought, and tasteful painstaking.

Dr. Colgan has a *specialitie*, and we hope he will pursue it. His profession is sadly in need of students—real workers.

DEATH OF HOGAN, THE SCULPTOR.

THE intelligence of the death of Hogan, the Sculptor, will be received with regret in every Irish household in America. On the 27th of March, in his fifty-seventh year, after having earned a world-wide reputation, and while engaged on the Testimonial about to be erected to the Apostle of Temperance in Cork, he left a world in which he lived in a constant struggle with poverty and privation.

Originally a lawyer's clerk, Hogan showed so great an aptitute for the plastic arts that at the age of twenty-three he was enabled, through the liberality of some friends, to visit Rome. Before his return to Ireland he had given evidence of a genius worthy to be ranked with that of Thorwaldsen, Gibson, or Danneker. His "Drunken Faun," one of his most original conceptions, was pronounced by Thorwaldsen worthy an Athenian studio, and the same illustrious artist preferred his "Dead Christ" to Danneker's. His "Eve on her Expulsion from Paradise," one of his earliest works, he never afterwards surpassed. His noble statues of O'Connell, and particularly the bronze monument in Limerick, excited great admiration throughout Ireland, and he would doubtless have been selected to perpetuate the memory of the great agitator in other parts of the kingdom, had not his death intervened.

Modest and sensitive to an unusual degree, Hogan failed to secure that competence which, in countries like Ireland, can only accrue from a disgusting patronage. His widow and eleven children are, therefore, without any means of support, their sole legacy being the reputation which Ireland and Irishmen everywhere share in common with them. Its value can only be ascertained when our countrymen shall have come to their relief. Certain are we that no true Celt will suffer the family of our last and greatest Sculptor to want for the common necessaries of life in a country which numbers the father amongst her best beloved children of Genius. To the Sculptor, an affectionate remembrance!—to the Man, God's rest, and Life Eternal!

IRISH WIT AND HUMOR.

THE Hon. L S. Cox has been lecturing on Irish Wit and Humor with marked success in Washington, and we cheerfully accord to him due credit for an enlightened appreciation of both. It is not often that we can do this to American lecturers on analogous Irish subjects, the majority generally treating our people as a cross between the stage harlequin and the court jester; but Mr. Cox has discovered that the eminent traits of wit and humor in the Irish mind merely overlie a loam of deep seriousness, and even melancholy. In one remark at the opening of his discourse he seems to lose sight of this truth, but it is only for a moment, as the whole tone of the remainder indicates that he recovered it quickly.

It is unpardonable that those who write and speak of Irish wit and humor should credit us with these characteristics and deny to us more truly spiritual and poetical ones. Like all Asiatic races we possess fancy in an un common degree—like all Northerns, and particularly islanders, we also possess, at bottom, a melancholy temperament. The latter may be the result of isolation or sufferings, but it is too apparent in our poetry to be overlooked by any one who wishes to see it. Our verse, since the earliest time, has been one long wail; and even in our bacchanalian odes, from those of the early bards to those of Moore, tears seem to trickle out with the beads of the bowl. Our music, too, what is it if not sighs run into melody? Our homely proverbs—are they not generally inspired by a gloomy view of human life and destiny?

"Soon depressed and soon elate
Are the sons of Erin,"

and as, in their lively moments, they are the most cheerful of beings, so, when under the cloud, they are, perhaps, the most deeply sorrowful. He who would describe them justly might say—they are the most light-hearted and yet the most heavy-hearted of the universe—their mirth being always the offspring of their naturalness and innocence, and their grief being always presented from despair by the action of their religion and their constitutional buoyousness. Strange anomaly of extremes, but no less strange than truthful!

THIEVES AND PUBLIC CHARITIES.

THE whole press of the city seems to be unanimous in distrusting the good intentions and actual conduct of the managers of the Hunter Woodis Charity *Fete* at the Crystal Palace. With one exception, these men, numbering four or five in all, have never been known in the community, and there is every reason to suspect that the gentleman whose name is to be found with theirs in the Clerk's Office, either does not know their affairs, or takes no further interest in them. In any case, they have made no proper statement of their receipts and disbursements to the public; and they may rest assured that the "consciousness of their own innocence" is not the basis upon which an opinion will be formed of their merits and demerits as city almoners.

In this connection: the originators of every charity ball or *fête* should be thoroughly known and should never act, without the proper authority, for the benefit of special charities. *Verb. sap.*

TO PUBLISHERS.—Our attention has been called to a specimen pamphlet of "One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Angelic Salutation, the Commandments of God and the Church, the Sacraments and Capital Sins, by H. J. Thomas, Canon Penitentiary of the Cathedral of Leige," translated with the approval of a distinguished American Prelate, by a Professor in one of our western Colleges, and issued from the press of Flaven & Co., Dubuque. The Sermons, so far as we have read, fully justify the opinion formed on their merits by the clergymen who forwarded them to us, for they combine brevity and lucidity of style with a directness and compression of argument which we have never seen equalled. For country congregations we can conceive no better Instructions; and in many of our cities they would please and convince hearers even more than the pretensious lectures which, with a greater aspiration after literary effect, have far less real merits as specimens of literary taste.

Any publisher who desires to purchase the manuscript may secure it by enclosing a note for the translator to our address.

TAXING SEA WEED.—Voltaire relates a characteristic anecdote of Dean Swift. Lady Cartaret, wife of the Lord Lieutenant, said to Swift one day: "the air of Ireland is excellent and healthy." "For God's sake, madam," said Swift, falling on his knees before her, "don't say so in England, for if you do, they will tax it."

We are reminded of this testy sally by the recent news from Donegal. Lord Leitrim, having forced his poor peasants to live on sea weed, now forbids them to eat it without paying a tax! Like the Britons who complained to the Consul Aetus of Pictish cruelty, "the Barbarian drives them upon the sea, the sea throws them back upon the barbarian, so that between both, death is certain." Poor people!

A TRUE POET.—The Baltimore *Mirror* makes hearty mention of a poet who sings anonymously, but not, on that account, less sweetly, in the columns of the Cincinnati *Telegraph*. We take peculiar pleasure in iterating the compliments of the *Mirror*; and we hope that the graceful pen which wrote the lines on "Peter's Denial," will neither lie long unused, nor rest satisfied with plucking single leaves when it may win, at once, a chaplet.

The conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul Society received Communion on Sunday morning at the Cathedral. More than 200 members attended at the 6 o'clock Mass, and partook of that great fountain of life, presenting an appearance truly edifying.

THE "REVIVALS" AND ITS MANIACS!

When the "Revival" commenced we asked our readers to watch the papers for the purpose of learning the close connection, outside of the Catholic Church, between religious fervor and insanity. The *Express*, and journals of the same ilk, quoted our remarks with evident disrelish and commented on them with not a little bitterness; but time (the great justifier of prophets) comes to our assistance and fully sustains our predictions. Will the *Express* republish our words with the following appendix?—

Insanity and Death.—A few days since we chronicled the fact that a citizen of Winchester, who had become insane in consequence of the religious excitement now existing, had been conveyed to the Lunatic Hospital, and now we regret to announce his death, which took place at that institution yesterday morning. The deceased was a worthy and estimable citizen, enjoying the confidence and respect of this community.—*Boston Journal.*

Two somewhat remarkable cases of insanity have recently occurred in a single family in this city, the victims being Mr. Henry C. Peck, a respectable citizen residing in Richmond street, and his wife. Both of them have felt much interest in the revival now progressing here, and recently have allowed religious subjects to so constantly press upon their thoughts, as to prevent them from eating or sleeping with much regularity. Within a few days both have manifested unmistakable signs of insanity; and Mr. P., when not under the influence of chloroform, has had to be hand-cuffed to prevent him from injuring himself and those about him. Mrs. P., as is not unusual in such cases, believed that God had commanded her to fast, and has thus refused food for several days save on one or two occasions. She also imagined that her children had been commanded to fast—insisted that they should refuse food—and was so reckless in her chastisement of them when they disobeyed her, that she also had to be confined. We learn from the telegraph of last evening, that steps were taken for the removal of Mr. P. to the Butler Hospital.—*Providence Post.*

Fatal Result.—Mrs. Peck, wife of Henry Peck, who last week became insane from mental excitement upon religious subjects, as noticed in the *Post*, died on Sunday. Her husband, who had been removed to the Butler Hospital, as yet exhibits no signs of recovery.—*Ibid.*

The Winsted, Ct., *Herald* states that the wife of a well-known and highly respected gentleman, in a neighboring village, has gone crazy from intense feeling in the present revival, and has attempted suicide. And yet she is described as a lady of more than ordinary mental balance, intelligence and cultivation.

The unsophisticated yoemen of both sexes attended these meetings under the influence of that kind of excitement usually taken for spiritual regeneration, or "change of heart." The furor of the participants in the religious exercises was of so extravagant a character at times, that some of them actually shrieked, others stamped, and one is reported to have fairly jumped over a stove in a paroxysm of holy feeling. Among the enthusiasts was a farmer, past the middle age, who was previously remarkable for his quiet demeanor, but who, by frequenting the meetings, became at last a confirmed maniac. Last week the poor man was submitted to an examination by physicians of Kingston who pronounced his case hopeless. In consequence of the result the meetings were discontinued.—*Kingston* (Can.) *News.*

Terrible Tragedy Caused by Religious Insanity.—A most brutal, cold-blooded, and horrid murder was committed in the town of Plymton, Canada, on Thursday last, resulting from religious excitement. A man, named Henry Hardy, and his uncle, Mr. McGregor, were in the woods cutting timber. Another man, named Martin Jackson, was working not far off, who came up to get some fire, when Hardy attacked him with his axe, and literally cut him to pieces, and piling cordwood over the body, set the pile on fire! McGregor and another man attempted to interfere to stop the butchery, but had to flee to save their lives. The Testimony of his brother-in-law, Mr. McGregor, and others where he lived, showed that he had been laboring under a religious insanity at times for several days, caused by undue religious excitement in the neighborhood—that he was a person of temperate habits and mild temper. —*Buffalo Courier.*

These are all authenticated cases, bearing on their face the names of the parties made mad and murderous by the revival, together with the dates when, and the places where, they occurred. They are, therefore, beyond doubt, true and reliable.

Perhaps the *Express* will say that insanity is not peculiar to religious excitements in the Protestant world. If so, we invite it beforehand to put its finger on *one* instance of insanity resulting from Catholic Missions, or other religious practices in the Catholic Church. If it cannot—and we are sure it cannot—then are all our objections against Protestant Revivals, as the fruitful source of crime and madness, valid and unanswerable. These are our *facts*; bring out yours, Gentlemen.

Dedication.—On Sunday last the Church of the Assumption (German) corner of 50th street and 9th Avenue, was dedicated. The ceremony of dedication was performed by the Very Rev. Father Starrs, V. G., who preached on the occasion. High Mass was also celebrated, and after the Gospel a discourse was delivered in the German language for the benefit of these of that nation who mostly compose the congregation.

OUR PAPER.

We present the readers of the Tablet this week with a number replete with a variety of matter, interesting as it is varied in usefulness and general information. Aware that our journal circulates among those who relish solid information, coupled with the details of passing events, we have labored, if not successfully, at least with earnestness and zeal, to place within their reach such matter as may be most conducive to that end, and which, while pleasing, serves also to amuse. Biography, Antiquity, Ovations to the distinguished dead of our race, Directions to those who still cling to their native soil, as exemplified in the address of Mr. O'Brien to the Irish people in our pages this week, contribute to make up a summary unequalled by any of our cotemporaries.

The Newburgh Magazine and Ourselves.—A Rev. friend informs us that the *Newburgh Magazine* of a late date, in a courteous notice of the Tablet, censures us for condemning Napoleon III. for suffering, in the case of the Bishop of Moulins, the resuscitation of the four first articles in the Concordat of 1801. At the time our article was written—nearly ten months ago—it was in accordance with the views of Count Montalèmbert in Europe and Dr. Brownson in America; and if the Emperor of the French has since interfered "in favor of right and the Church" the fact does not invalidate our comments, even if it should have suggested their withdrawal. Indeed, the intimation of our Newburgh friend is the first we have had on the subject—which would not have been the case if either the Count Montalembert, or Dr. Brownson, had seen fit to recall his strictures. If we have sinned, therefore, either by commission or omission, we have sinned in company with the leading Catholic publicists of two continents.

We are indebted to the Hon. J. B. Haskin, of the 9th Congressional District, for his Speech in the House of Representatives against the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution. Aside from the question involved—on which we hold our own opinion without expressing it—it is a very fair production, wanting the roll of the oratorical period, it is true, but, at the same time, quietly correct in phraseology. The only historical reference in it, however, is a blunder. Dr. Gullotine did *not* die "by the instrument which he had invented to cut off the heads of others," but of an ordinary disease, in his own bed, in 1812, or thereabouts. See Lewe's "Life of Robespierre," p. 77—published by Carey & Hart, Philadelphia, in '49.

Complimentary.—"The New York Tablet is a large, beautifully printed and talented paper, published under Catholic auspices, and designed for circulation among the people of that faith in this country. The tone of the Tablet is of a high order, and while it is devotedly attached to the cause of 'the Church,' its marked candor entitles its opinions to a respectful and courteous consideration. It may be interesting to our Protestant population to know how the present wide-spread revival of religious interest is regarded by a paper of such denominational sympathies. To our mind the idea is a novel one that, in a Protestant revival, the Catholic should discover an approach, practically, to his faith, and that a practical recognition of his doctrine of 'intercession' should be found in the usual exercises of the revival meetings."—*People's Organ*, Bath, Me.

To ours, it is not so. Nothing seems more rational than to conclude that, when sinners ask the prayers of sinners in their behalf, they recognize, by the fact, the efficacy of "intercession."

— For the rest, there are few exchanges on our list which we take more pleasure in reading than our Bath contemporary.

Religious Reception.—On Thursday, the 8th inst., at the Convent Chapel of our Lady of Mercy, Providence, R. I., Miss Sarah Mulchealy, called in religion Sister Mary Agatha, received the white veil and habit of the Order from the hands of the Right Rev. Bishop McFarland, who delivered a most eloquent and instructive discourse on the occasion. Several of the clergymen of the city were present.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Washington, April 16, 1858.

The House of Representatives have, by a close vote, which was decided by the casting voice of the Speaker, granted the Senate a Committee of Conference on the Kansas difficulty. Messrs. English, of Jamaica, and Hall, of Ohio, anti-Lecomptonites, flew the track and caved in. There were two or three absentees also, whether by design or accident, is not known. It is supposed, however, that the Senate will have to modify its bill before the subject is finally disposed of.

The death of Colonel Benton has left a void among the leading politicians of the metropolis. Whatever may have been his errors as a public man, he has left us one legacy, which, if no other, the industrious laboring classes of the country must be ever thankful for. I refer to the revolution he caused in the currency of the country by his gold bill in 1834-'5, when paper money drove the precious metals out of circulation. For this he required the soubriquet of "Old Bullion." Benton was a man of great firmness of character, and on whatever question he took issue with his opponents, he stood it out to the last, and was as immovable as the rock of Gibraltar. He was also a proud man, yet approachable on all public or private questions that concerned individuals as well as masses of the people. The great lights of nation are disappearing one after the other, and few or none of the last age are now left.

There is no news of a reliable character from our army in Utah, nor is it known what the Mormons are doing, the intercourse between them and our authorities being entirely cut off in the mountain passes. There is a criminal procrastination in Congress on the passage of the army bill, increasing its force, and thus leaving the handful of troops under Col. Johnston at the sole mercy of four times his command among the Mormon fanatics. The Criminal Court of this city is waking up to the demands of public justice at last. There are six cases of murder on the docket, one of which was tried this week, viz., that of James Powers for killing Lutz last January, at a tavern on Pennsylvania avenue. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree against the prisoner. Powers is a young man, not over twenty-four years of age, but has the reputation of being one of what are termed "Baltimore rowdies." Lutz and he were members of the same club, known as the "States Hose," but had a quarrel on board a steamboat in the Patuxent, at Baltimore, some years ago. As a mode of settling the sore, he fired three shots from a revolver at Lutz as he entered the tavern above-mentioned, one of which took effect in his right side, and which caused his death. The evidence of his guilt was strong and conclusive. He has a younger brother, who has been very attentive to him during the trial. I don't think there is the least chance of a commutation of his punishment—death, under the present excited state of the public mind, connected with the lawlessness that reigns here at this time.

I am no apologist for rowdies of any sort, but before the "States Hose" some two or three hundred reckless young men, who had to fly from Baltimore to this city from the Know-Nothing party there, came here, the "dark lantern" party had it all their way. The Irish, everywhere, were the objects of their assaults, and little or no notice, either in Court or elsewhere, was taken of their outrages against that class of citizens, but when the "States Hose" rowdies came on, they found their equals in crime, and the result was that one evil nearly cured the other, to such an extent that the Washington blackguards had to circumscribe their forays to one or two blocks in the neighborhood of their rendezvous.

Sigma.

Reception.—A friend writes that two Protestant ladies were received into the fold of the Church, after undergoing four months' instruction, at Rossville, S. I., on Easter Sunday, by the Rev. Mr. Caro. He also justly praises the exertions and zeal of that clergyman.

Information Wanted.—Can any of our city readers inform us of the whereabouts of a girl named Dunn, sister of Mary Ann Dunn, whose melancholy aberration has already been noticed? She is, we learn, in this city, and unacquainted with the state of her sister.

THE CATHOLIC FRIENDS' SOCIETY.

The Catholic Friends' Society of Lawrence, Mass., held their third semi-annual meeting, for the choice of officers, &c., on the 4th inst., in the basement of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. The following gentlemen were elected for the ensuing term:

Rev. J. H. D. Taaffe, President; John Ryan, Vice-President; Patrick Murphy, Secretary; Terence Brady, Treasurer; Thomas H. Conway, Daniel Logue, John McCorry, Rodger McGlone, Jeremiah Murphy, Directors.

The Treasurer presented his third semi-annual report, which left a balance on hand of $107 95. The report was unanimously adopted.

The Catholic Friends' Society was organized in Oct., 1856, and since that time has expended about $2,000 for the relief of the poor and the support and education of destitute orphan children.

Through the exertions of this Society and its worthy President, Rev. J. H. D. Taaffe, (who has not only contributed liberally from his own limited means, but has given the proceeds of a Fair for the benefit of his Church to the Society,) 1,023 families, or about 4,081 persons, have been relieved during the past winter.

The Society paid $1,070 15 for flour and meal, which they purchased at very low rates, and distributed it weekly, to all who were found to be in need of relief, without regard to their religious belief.

After the payment of the monthly dues the meeting adjourned.

Patrick Murphy, *Secretary.*

Lawrence, *April 16th*, 1858.

THE BLIND GIRL AT THE HOLY WELL OF CLONMACNOISE.

From her rush-couch awaking,
When daylight was breaking—
The grief-stricken mother rose, trusting to find,
In the Holy Well water—
Some balm for that daughter—
Who slumbered beside her, afflicted and blind.

"Oh! awake thee, awake thee,
I'll ne'er love forsake thee,
But love thee the dearer," the fond mother cried,
Then leading her daughter
To the Holy Well water,
She knelt down and sprinkled her brow with the tide.

With prayer's fervor gifted,
And eyes then uplifted,
The blind maiden's darkness gave way to faith's power,
And Aurora's young pale light
Blushed faint in the daylight,
That shed heaven's message of beams on that hour.

Where sin's pathway darkles,
May Grace shed her sparkles,
To teach us, Oh Lord! all that's righteous to see,
'Till like that blind daughter,
At the Holy Well water,
We feel the full mercy that's beaming in thee.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the pews in St. Patrick's Cathedral will be rented for the year commencing on the 1st of May next, on Monday, the 26th inst. Application should be made to the Committee who will be in attendance on that day, between the hours of 11 o'clock, A. M. and 3, P. M., in the vestry-room of the Cathedral.

Patrick Dolan,
Peter O'Connor,
John McMenomy,
Patrick McCormick,
} *Committee.*

April 14, 1858.

Now ready, Rome: Its Ruler and Its Institutions, by John Francis Maguire, M.P. Cloth, extra, $1 25; Half Morroco or Calf, $2.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co.,
164 William street, N. Y.

We would call the attention of the Rev. Clergy and Religious Institutions to the advertisment of Messrs. Benziger Brothers, on our 16th page. They have always on hand a very large assortment of Church Furniture, Statues, &c., at the most reasonable prices.

MARRIED.

At the Church of the Nativity, Second avenue, by the Rev. G. McCloskey, P. O'Shea, Esq., Publisher, to Miss Annie M. Madden, both of this city.

In Orange, N. J., on Wednesday, April 7th, by the Rev. John A. Kelly, of South Amboy, Patrick Murray, Esq., brother of Rev. John Murray, Pastor of St. John's, to Miss Cornelia Teresa Brennan.

At the Cathedral, Mulberry street, on the 14th inst., by the Very Rev. Mr. Starrs, Mathew J. O'Connell, Esq., to Miss Catherine L. Kipp, both of this city.

To all of these we wish, in right earnest, many years and unalloyed happiness.

DIED.

Departed this life, March 8th, at his residence, 447 Grand str.et, Dr. Patrick J. Burke, aged 25 years, a native of St. John, N. B. He graduated at the University of the city of New York in 1855. He gave every promise in his brief career that he would become an ornament to his profession. His cheerful, kind, and generous nature endeared him to a large circle of friends. After a solemn Requiem Mass at St. Mary's Church his remains were interred in Calvary Cemetery. R. I. P.

Of your charity, pray for the repose of the soul of Andrew J. Rodriguez, Esq., who died at Lecompton, Kansas, on the 7th inst. Mr. Rodrique was a native of Harrisburg, Pa., and nephew of A. J. Rodrique, Esq., of this city. He graduated at St. John's College, Fordham, in July, 1854, and was esteemed and beloved by all who knew him.

Literature.

ROME: ITS RULER AND ITS INSTITUTIONS. By JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, M.P. *New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.*

The entire Catholic world is largely indebted to Mr. Maguire for his public and minute description of the countless institutions which so amply provide for all human wants and miseries in the capitol of the Christian world. The want of such a work has been long felt, yet of all the English, Irish, and American Catholics who have periodically visited the centre of Catholicity, not one had undertaken a full and clear exposition of the Roman charities and the Roman system of government, together with a condensed account of the life and actions of the great Pontiff who so worthily fills the Papal chair. All this and more Mr. Maguire has done, and we are sure there is no impartial or unprejudiced reader of his book, whether Protestant or Catholic, who will not thank him for his loving and faithful description of what he saw in the Rome of the Popes. Mr. Maguire's style is singularly clear and lucid; his views large and liberal, and enlightened; his faith and piety, worthy of the nation to which he belongs. There is a freshness and vivacity, too, in his delineations which make them pleasant to read, and will contribute to fix them in the memory. We defy any one to read his biographical sketch of the Supreme Pontiff without a sweet and pleasing emotion. Take for instance his (the Pope's) care and attention of the English officer whom he found lying sick and lonely in a remote part of Chili during his early mission to that country. He remained behind his companions to nurse and watch over the desolate and suffering stranger, "nor did he leave his side till he had the satisfaction of seeing him restored to health and strength. The Italian priest who so stopped by the wayside to minister to the sick stranger was Mastai Ferretti, now Pius IX." Then, again, hear of his gracious reception of the Negro slave, an incident which, as the writer says, "in its simple and unaffected goodness puts to shame those exhibitions of mock sympathy for the poor African slave in which it is the fashion now-a-days to indulge." We give it in Mr. Maguire's own words:

"A family of French extraction brought with them from New Orleans a female slave of pure African blood. Had this poor woman desired to do so, she might have made herself free; for long before the cry for the emancipation of the Negro was heard in England, a Pope had to declare that in the Roman States 'no slaves could be.' Having been brought up a Catholic, she wished to be confirmed; which she eventually was, in the Chapel of the French Nuns of the Sacred Heart, by Archbishop Bedini. It afterwards occurred to her mistress that it would be a great comfort to the good creature if she were allowed to stand somewhere so as to get the Pope's blessing as he passed. His Holiness was informed of the matter; to which he replied,—'I will think about it.' The next day, a Papal dragoon was seen riding up and down the Via Condotti, making inquiries at various places for 'Madamoiselle Marguerite,' for whom he had a letter of audience with the first Sovereign of the world! Not finding Madamoiselle Marguerite in the Via Condotti, the dragoon became somewhat perplexed how to execute his commission. At last he said to himself,—'Oh, this is one of those French or English devotees, and they will know something of her at the convent of Trinita di Marti.' To that convent he accordingly proceeded, and was there told that his letter would be safely delivered to the right person. At the appointed hour, the sable-visaged Marguerite found herself in the midst of a company of the high-born, the rich, and the beautiful, who were waiting to pay their Easter homage. The Pope was long and privately engaged. But when he was at length free, the first name called was 'Madamoiselle Marguerite.' One may imagine the feelings of awe and reverence with which the poor despised child of Africa prostrated herself at the feet of the successor of Peter. A voice of touching sweetness and gentleness soon inspired her with confidence. 'My child,' said the Pope, 'there are many great people waiting, but I wish to speak to you the first. Though you are the least upon earth, you may be the greatest in the sight of God.' He then conversed with her for twenty minutes. He asked her about her condition, her fellow-slaves, her hardships. 'I have many hardships,' she replied, 'but since I was confirmed, I have learned to accept them as the will of God.' He exhorted her to persevere, and to do good in the condition in which she was placed; and he then gave her his blessing. He blessed her, and blessed 'all those about her;' so that this poor despised slave carried with her from that memorable interview, greater courage and stronger fortitude to bear up against her yoke of suffering and humiliation."

Again, in the admirable account of the Roman Hospitals, we find a touching instance of the compassionate tenderness of Pius the Ninth:

"A short time previous to my visit," says Mr. Maguire, "the Pope had carefully gone through this hospital, and personally examined into all its details. He went to the bed-side of the patients, inquired into their condition and the nature of their malady, and blessed, consoled, or admonished them. I was shown a most interesting-looking boy, who was at the moment engaged in reading his prayer-book, by the light of a lamp; and as the light fell upon his youthful features, wasted by sickness, and spiritualized by an expression of intense piety, a painter might have borrowed from his countenance and attitude an idea of angelic purity and sanctity. He was suffering from an aggravated spine disease, and no hope was entertained of his recovery. The compassion of the Pope had been greatly excited by the sweet and gentle resignation with which the little fellow bore his sufferings; and tears of tender pity fell from the eyes of the Holy Father upon the pale cheek of the child, as he kissed him and pressed him in his paternal arms, after he had confessed and absolved him. There seemed, as it were, a radiance of holiness around the sweet head of that dying boy."

What a different picture of Rome and its Ruler is here presented to our view from that usually furnished by the jaundiced eye of Protestant travellers who go to the Eternal City pre-determined to see nothing good in its people, its government, or its institutions? Occasionally we find a Protestant tourist, as in the recent case of Madame Le Vert, doing justice to the first of Christian princes, but the best of these has never taken the pains to examine in detail all the munificent charities and noble institutions of science and learning for which the Roman people are indebted to him and his predecessors. Mr. Maguire himself tells us in his Introduction that he was ashamed to confess how ignorant he found himself of these particulars on his first visit to Rome, and aptly accounts for so little being generally known with regard to the city of the Apostles.

There is one thing for which we feel specially indebted to Mr. Maguire, and that is his valuable account of the educational establishments in Rome. This portion of his work is, of all others, the most useful to us as an offset to the teeming calumnies of bigots and fanatics. The remarks with which the author prefaces the chapters devoted to the Schools and Colleges of Rome are well worthy of attention:

"The old and long-standing calumny against the Catholic Church is, that she hates, because she dreads, the light; and that darkness being her congenial element, and indeed essential to her safety, it has been, as it ever will be, her policy to discourage the policy of education, and thus retain the human mind in a convenient state of intellectual twilight. This is no worn-out and obsolete accusation, which one has to search for in some musty volume, or dig out of some rust-eaten record of a past age. On the contrary, it is the one most frequently made at this very day, by these who desire to misrepresent the Church; and it is the one, of all others, most readily credited by the Protestant public of these countries. Now, if this accusation—that the Church is the friend of ignorance, and the enemy of education—be at all true, to no better place within the wide circle of Christendom could we look for the exemplification of this barbarous and benighting policy, than to Rome; for there, not only has the Pope to maintain his spiritual supremacy by the force and power of ignorance, but his temporal power has also to be upheld by the same potent agency. Therefore, schools ought to be very rare in Rome, and systematically discouraged by its ruler and his government. Or, if they exist in any number, they should be such only as were intended for the training of ecclesiastics, whose chief object would be the perpetuation of the same state of popular debasement, which, according to the calumny, is the very foundation and stronghold of the influence and authority of the Church,—its influence and authority over the darkened mind of man. If London, Liverpool, and Manchester swarmed with schools and seminaries of every kind, and suited to every want and necessity of the population; and if these schools were flung open gratuitously to the children of the poor, so that there ought not to be an ignorant child left in either of those great communities, it might be said, with justice, that London, Liverpool, and Manchester were marching on the high-road of civilization, and were entitled to the respect and admiration of all other communities. If the same can be said of Rome, is not Rome equally entitled to the same admiration and the same respect? Let us see if Rome really merit praise on this account.

"It may be said of Rome, that she possesses, even at this day, and notwithstanding the ruin of many of the magnificent aqueducts of the olden time, a greater number of public fountains, from which her population may draw an abundant and unceasing supply of the purest water, than any other city in the world. And yet her schools are more numerous than her fountains, and quite as accessible to *all* classes, from the youth of her nobility to the offspring of the porter and the wood-cutter; and not more pure and unpolluted is the spring from which the young intellect draws its first nourishment in the seminaries of the 'modern Babylon,' than are those streams which bring health and daily comfort to the poorest of her people. Pass through its streets, and at every turn you hear the plash, plash, of water, falling gratefully on the ear; and so may be heard the unmistakeable hum and buzz of the regional and the parish schools. But these, great in number, as I shall show them to be, form but a small portion of the educational institutions of calumniated Rome."

Mr. Maguire has also some very able paragraphs on the Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope which will be found of great and lasting interest. In short, he has left no point untouched that may arrest general attention, and we think his work will have a wide and beneficial influence on the prejudices which exist more or less in every country with regard to *Rome, its Ruler and its Institutions.*

In the Appendix will be found much useful information on a variety of subjects connected with the main object of the work. Of these one of the most interesting is a paper on the State of Education in Great Britain, which we would commend to the attention of our anti-Catholic ranters who are in the habit of glorifying Protestant education and enlightenment as compared with Catholic.

LIFE OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL. By HENRY BEDFORD, M.A. *D. & J. Sadlier & Co.*, 164 *William street, New York.* 1858.

The loving warmth which pervades this book—the accuracy of detail with which it is written—and, above all, the subject—one of God's greatest saints and the world's greatest benefactors—must ensure it a wide circulation in America. For the rest, the publishers have got it out in good style, on good paper, with clear type.

THE GARDEN; A Manual of Horticulture. *Fowler & Wells, New York.*

This is a little book which we would like to see circulated in every house where the TABLET goes, if it were not for the advertisement of the Publishers' Phrenological and Physicological works in the end. There are few of our readers who could read it without finding a new pleasure in their gardens; but it must remain a closed book to Catholics so long as this advertisement is attached to it. If the publishers bind a few hundreds, leaving this objectionable feature out, and send them to Catholic book agencies, every one will be sold in a few weeks.

CATHOLIC vs. PROTESTANT IN REGARD TO PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

[*Continued from the* TABLET *of the* 10*th.*]

"We rely much," says the writer in *Emerson's*, "upon our Common School system to counteract the influence of sectarianism amongst the people," that is to say, the avowed object of the Common Schools is to smother away all religious differences and bring about a happy state of indifferentism, which to Protestants would doubtless be a *millennium*. To such a state of things, as regards themselves, Catholics do not or cannot aspire—they know that the mortal life of a Christian is necessarily one of spiritual warfare, and that if he would save his soul, he is to struggle all his life long against the prevailing corruption of the world. They believe that no earthly advantage, no degree of worldly peace or prosperity is worthy of a moment's consideration when compared with the gift of faith, "faith pure and undefiled." *They* know as well as Protestants the levelling, the soul-destroying influence of the Common Schools, and hence their conscientious opposition to them, in as far as their own children are concerned. The Catholic on the authority of an Apostle "that without faith it is impossible to please God," would rather a thousand times see his child dead at his feet than see him in danger of losing that faith by which he is to save his immortal soul. We are able and willing to provide schools for our own children, we ask neither Episcopalian nor Presbyterian, nor Methodist to send their children to our schools, nor yet to assist us to support them—all we ask is liberty to train up our youth in the faith of their fathers, and thereby make them good citizens of the State as well as good children of the Church, for if they are the latter they will undoubtedly be the former. Conscientiously opposed then, as Catholics must ever be, to mixed schools, what right has the State to coerce their consciences? What right has the State to tax them for the support of schools to which they cannot, in conscience, send their children?

Take for example the Irish Catholics settled in every part of the Union. Think of what their fathers suffered age after age rather than yield up one iota of their faith. Run over the history of the penal laws in Ireland and see with what heroic, what unexampled constancy they resisted the innovations of Protestantism. During those evil days when it was felony for a Catholic to teach, and felony for a Catholic to place his children under Catholic teaching, when the priest and the Catholic schoolmaster were equally under the law of a persecuting, intolerant government, religion flourished with unabated vigor and freshness; those who could afford to do so, sent their children, at all risks, to Catholic Spain and Catholic France, where schools and colleges were thrown open to them, while the masses of the people, poor, oppressed, and bereft of all human succor, taught their children the truths of faith—when all secular education was denied them—and happily infused into their souls that martyr-spirit, that heroic devotion which fitted them for the arena of persecution, and made them worthy to walk in *their* footsteps, when at last they sank into the martyr's grave, victims of religious intolerance. From all this and more the Catholics of Ireland thought they were escaping when they came to what they feelingly called "the Land of the Free." They fondly dreamed that under the broad wing of the American Eagle they could worship God in peace, and make a living for themselves and their children without sacrificing that cherished faith which no human power could tear from their hearts—they imagined in their guileless simplicity that they might have their own churches and their own schools with none to frown on them for their laudable endeavors to carry out their conscientious convictions. They thought, forsooth! that so long as they did their duty to the State in peace and in war, in weal and in woe, the State would protect them as citizens and suffer none to interfere between them and their God. Alas! they have been cruelly, most cruelly undeceived. They find that their consciences are as grievously coerced in New York or Massachusetts, in regard to education, as they ever were in their native land. They find in the land of Washington just as little real practical freedom as they did in their own, and their just complaints are met with the derisive taunt: "Protestants of all denominations are satisfied, why not you Catholics?" Where, then, is the boasted freedom of the vast Republic? In what does it differ from the tyranny (so called) of older nations? Shame on the American writer who can wield his pen in defence of a system as oppressively unjust as ever disgraced the institutions of any country! His flimsy sophistry cannot blind the impartial world abroad, and all candid, right-thinking men of every nation under heaven will in their hearts condemn such palpable inconsistency on the part of American statesmen.

"But," cry the advocates of Common Schools, "the Roman Church is increasing in power and in influence, her doctrines are spreading to an alarming extent." Ah! this *is* the rub, *Messieurs les Editeus*! this is the secret of your educational zeal. And so because the perfectly beautiful doctrines of the Church are doing what they always did, attracting men and women into "the one fold," you would seek to bar the progress of that divine institution by your non-religious schools whereby the children of Catholics would be withdrawn from what you call "sectarian influence," the Church would lose her hold on their hearts and souls, and you would train them up in the way in which you would have them go. Is that fair? is it honest?—would it not be more worthy of an enlightened Protestent people to exert themselves to show off *their* doctrines in the best possible light, and leave Catholics free to do the same. Let the world, with its intellectual faculties, decide between them. But this paltry coercion, this wretched subterfuge to undermine what they cannot openly reduce.

In reply to an able article in a former number of *Brownson's Review*, our friend of the *Emerson and Putnam*, amongst other random hits at the Church, perpetrates the following: "That Maryland was a Roman Catholic colony no reader of history will gainsay, but that she led in the acts of toleration, no intelligent, candid expounder of facts will venture to assert." George Bancroft, then, the universally esteemed historian of the United States, is, according to this individual, "no intelligent, candid expounder of facts," for he "ventures' precisely "to assert" that Maryland *did* lead in the acts of toleration, for he says that "religious liberty obtained a home, *her only home in the wide world*, at the humble village which bore the name of St. Mary's."*

* Hist. *United States*, vol., L, p. 247,

According to *Emerson* "the promulgation of the doctrine of toleration in America, by Roger Williams, in Rhode Island, *preceded the Maryland acts by eleven years.*"

Again, then, the American historian is at fault for on his showing, Sir George Calvert, better known as Lord Baltimore, founded the Catholic colony of Maryland, "the only home which religious liberty had in the wide world" in 1634, while Roger Williams founded Providence, as "a shelter for persons distressed for conscience' in 1636, just two years after the settlement of St. Mary's. How can our editor account for this discrepancy? As satisfactorily, we suppose, as he can define "the Protestant Church."

Before our contemporary perpetrates his next series of malicious blunders on the subject of Popery, and Popish institutions, we would advise him to read carefully that seventh chapter of Bancroft's first volume wherein he treats of the settlement of Maryland, and lest he should forget to give us the benefit of his reading, we shall help him to the following: "Every other country in the world," says Bancroft, "had persecuting laws; 'I will not,'—such was the oath of the Governor of Maryland,—'I will not by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, molest any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion.' Under the mild institutions and munificence of Baltimore, the dreary wilderness soon bloomed with the swarming life and activity of prosperous settlements; the Roman Catholics who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbors of the Chesapeake; and there, too, Protestants were sheltered against Protestant intolerance."

This beautiful picture of a Catholic colony might be multiplied to no end from the history of America. So it was in the Jesuit Missions of Paraguay, so it was, too, throughout the whole extent of New France, the present Canada, and thence to the pastoral region of l'Acadie, whose peace and prosperity in early Catholic times are recorded in the musical numbers of Longfellow. So much for the persecuting spirit of Catholics, and so much for the foul calumny that the Catholic religion is destructive of energy and enterprise, and what not besides. In this connection we would also refer to the senseless and most insolent taunt that "the Roman Catholic owes much, very much, to the diligence and thrift of Protestant communities;" and that "he finds an asylum in a country subdued from a savage wilderness by the enterprise of the Protestant." Surely our dogmatical editor must suppose that no one reads history but himself, and that the whole world will take *his* word for anything. Is he ignorant that the discoverer of America was a pious Catholic—that its first explorers were, in very many instances, Catholics, a fact to which the very map of the country will bear witness, and that the soil of America was reddened with the blood of Catholic martyrs —of Jesuits—in the earliest days of its known history. It is a palpable falsehood to assert that the wilds of America were cleared and settled by Protestants—they had their share in the work, undoubtedly, but Catholics did as much, if not more than they did. We deny, *in toto*, then, any obligation that Catholics are under to Protestants, or that America is more indebted to Protestants than to Catholics. Catholic names are associated with the very earliest history of the continent, Catholics have, ever since, contributed their full share to the growing prosperity of the country, and perhaps, in proportion to their numbers, they have done *more* than any other section of the people. In God's name, then, let there be an end to these senseless and unfounded allegations tending only to create and foster prejudice amongst the ignorant. Let Catholics only live in peace, let them bring up their own children at their own expense, and they will ever be found amongst the best citizens of the Union, interfering with no man's religious opinions, as they will suffer no man or set of men to interfere with theirs.

* Vol. L. p. 243.

AN APPLE OF DISCORD.—A parcel received at the post office of Stuttgardt has been the cause of much perplexity to the authorities. This parcel, which appears to contain either lace or silk, is addressed "The most beautiful lady in Stuttgardt." A commission of ladies was appointed to decide the question, but, singular to say, no two votes were recorded for the same person, and the question is still in suspense.

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRISH REMARKABLE PLACES.

KILMALLOCK.

"Thus shall memory often in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
And, a shing, look through the waves of time
For the long faded glories they cover.—*Moore.*

There are many localities in Ireland well worth the attention of the historian, the antiquary and the archæologist—places famous in legend and full of storied renown. From houses, now ruinous and desolate, there once resounded the clang of warriors, and the eloquence of learned men. From places now tenanted by placid cows, or nibbling sheep, there arose the conflict of armed bands, the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the shout of conquest, or the groan of agony; churches where no longer worshippers kneel—chapels where, for centuries, no priest offered up

"The mass of the days that are gone."

Abbeys once stately, and beautiful even in decay, stud the Emerald Isle, and to a locality rich in all these memorials of departed greatness we now propose to conduct the reader.

Kilmallock, in the county of Limerick, displays evidence of being a considerable place in former days. Its lordly castles and decayed mansions witnessed many remarkable events. Few places are better calculated to awaken our sympathies with the fallen, reminding the visitor of the transient nature of all sublunary things. A great incongruity prevails; thatched cabins lean against stone embattled mansions; houses once tenanted by nobles are propped up by huckster shops; all bespeak the changes which time and war have made.

The last time we visited it was the afternoon of a summer's day, when men and women were at work in the fields haymaking. The town seemed deserted, and Balbec only equalled it in solitude. Our footfall alone sounded along the empty street, and as we entered the ruined mansions no prying eyes watched our movements, no inquisitive voice disturbed our meditations. We could see the blue sky gleaming over the unroofed dwellings, and our minds wandered back to the days of their splendor, and imagination supplied the building materials, and formed a spacious and picturesque town. The place was anciently called Killochia, Kilmochealloc, and Kilmaloge, whence Kilmallock, or the church of Molock, from an abbey for Canons Regular, founded here by St. Mochaellog, or Molock, in the beginning of the seventh century. The absence of records of early ages in this country prevents our tracing its history for several centuries, but the magnificence of the ruins, which obtained for it the proud yet mournful appellation of the Balbec of Ireland, evince its progress to distinction. Who were the great men that directed its measures, who presided over its religious houses, taught in its schools, or governed its forces, we know not; all its earlier history is lost in the obscurity of its remote origin, and the interest given to every spot trodden by the feet of the good and the brave, in the days when the land was the Land of Saints, is unfelt. But the massive stronghold of the Anglo-Norman, the castellated mansion of the Elizabethan age, the square lofty fortalice of the Cromwellian adventurer—these are before us, ruined indeed, but their identity perfect.

It was a corporate town, with extensive liberties and municipal privileges at a very early date. Its privileges as a borough are recited in a charter of Edward III., by virtue of which that monarch granted, to the provost and commonalty of Kilmaloge, certain tolls and customs toward keeping the fortifications in a state of repair. It was defended by a stone wall of great strength, fortified by mounds of earth, and having four gateways, protected by lofty and commanding towers built over them. These were called St. John's-gate, Water-gate, Ivy-gate, and Blosom's-gate, of which only the last is standing. A Dominican friary was founded in A. D. 1291, east of the town, by Gilbert, son of John of Callan, Lord of Offaly, which was richly endowed. It lasted until the general suppression of monasteries, when it was granted by Queen Elizabeth to the corporation. Money was coined here by permission of Edward IV., and in 1483 this is named among the chief towns in which a coin of Richard III., then recently struck, was made current by act of parliament. Being selected as a principal military station by the English, it shared all the storms of battle which desolated the country.

We ought not turn away and leave behind a place so full of recollections of that once proud and most puissant family of Desmond, without recording something of their origin and their fame, ere their sun, after traversing his restless course, sunk into the obscurity of eternal night for this world. Their fate is another lesson of the baleful effects of profusion leading to decay. The history of men runs parallel with that of empires. The fate of Rome may be regarded as analogous to that of the fate of the house of Desmond. While her possessions were limited and compact, Rome feared no foe, and resisted all dangers; she governed herself; but when her armies added kingdom after kingdom to her dominions, when her eagle wings reached from the western isles of Europe (ultima Thule) to the realms of the sun, her empire was too great to be controlled by the power residing at Rome, a new seat of government arose at the city of Constantine, the mighty empire tottered with its own weight, and the Roman Empire had its Decline and Fall. Thus fell the race of Desmond, but we must not anticipate.

The family of Fitz-Gerald is of Anglo-Norman descent, and Maurice Fitz-Gerald the founder of the family, from whence the princely race of Geraldines, including the Kildare family, knights of Glin, Kerry, Muckridge, &c., are sprung, came over with Strongbow. It would be a far cry, and a long chapter, to trace their career, and the various ways and means by which they acquired territory in four countries, extending over one hundred miles, and containing considerably over 600,000 acres of land, of the English acreage. According to Sir John Davis, Maurice Fitz-Gerald, the first Earl of Desmond, raised the greatness of his house by Irish oppressions and exactions; and among the ruins of his boldly-situated Castle of Strancally, hanging over the beautiful Blackwater in Munster, still yawns a gloomy chasm, evidently the work of art, sloping down to the river. This is called the Murdering Hole, and the local tradition asserts that, when the lord of the castle fixed his eyes on an estate in the neighborhood, he used to invite the owner to partake of his good cheer, and when the feast was partaken of, and the wine had done its work on the unsuspecting guest, the assassin's blow robbed the victim of life, and the Murdering Hole gaped to facilitate the plunge of the body in the rolling waters speeding to the Atlantic.

After the death of Garrett, commonly known as the Great Earl of Desmond, and the partial suppression of the Munster rebellion, an effort was made to work a counter effect by the production of the young representative of the house, who, having been reared in England a member of the Protestant Church, was now released from captivity, and restored to the family titles, if not to the family estates. He was created Earl of Desmond by patent, A.D. 1600, and took up his residence at Kilmallock, under the protection of the Lord President of Munster. The joy of the followers of the race of Fitz Gerald knew no bounds at the prospect of again beholding one of the hereditary chieftains under whom they and their fathers so long lived. Crowds thronged all the streets, doors and windows, "yea, the very gutters and tops of the houses were filled, as if they came to see him whom God had sent to be the comfort and delight their soules and heartes most desired; and they welcomed him with all the expressions and signes of joy, every one throwing upon him wheat and salt, as a prediction of future peace and plenty." On his going to a banquet, given in his honor, at Sir George Thornton's, who then kept his house in the town of Kilmallock, the crowds were so great that a guard of soldiers were forced to make a regular lane for him to pass to and fro. Old and young came from all parts to tender their duty and allegiance. Yet this was to be all shortly changed. The next day was Sunday, and the Earl attended service in the parish church. When the followers of Desmond learned that their lord had forsaken the faith of his fathers, their hearts were utterly alienated from him. At first they tried expostulation, imploring him on their knees to return to the ancient creed; he refused to abandon the religion he was reared in, and urged the spirit of toleration inculcated by the Gospel. This by no means satisfied their views; they reviled him as an apostate, looking on him as a spy from England, an instrument employed to sap the foundations of their Church, and the voices which the day before uttered blessings, now inverted their prayers, and heaped curses on his head. They denied his right to the title of Desmond; every ignominy was cast on him as he passed through Kilmallock, and not being able to stir without insult and reproach, he left the town and returned to England. His death seems to have made little sensation, as the following account of it in the *Pacata Hibernia* shows: "The 11th (January, 1601), the Lord President had intelligence from England that James (the late restored Earl of Desmond) was dead, and that eighteen hundred quarters of oates were sent into Munster for the relieve of oure horses."

With the death thus unceremoniously recorded, and the capture and detention in the Tower of London, until released by paying the debt of nature, of another Desmond, called the Sugane Earl, terminated the race of Fitz-Gerald of Desmond.

The decline of the Desmonds was not destined to ensure lasting repose to Kilmallock. When the trumpet of battle sounded, its clang reverberated through the tower-defended town. When civil enmity turned blade against blade of those who should have fought side by side, the men of Kilmallock were amid the thick of the fray. In 1642, the Irish army, commanded by Lord Mountgarret, Lord Purcell and Garritt Barry, took the town, which they held successfully against the efforts of the troops under Lord Inchiquin, in the May of 1643. This was the great military depot of the Earl of Castlehaven, who commanded the Royalists in 1645. He kept here all his warlike stores, which afterwards fell into the hands of Cromwell. To render it useless as a stronghold for the Irish, Cromwell ordered the fortifications to be pulled down, and the walls were soon dismantled. The corporation had them repaired for the English, and again were they destroyed by the Irish army under the Duke of Berwick in 1690. Thus, whichever side was victorious, unhappy Kilmallock seemed doomed to degradation. Of the ancient town of Kilmallock, there are yet considerable remains. The Castle in which the Earl of Castlehaven kept his munitions of war, yet rears its solid structure, and, underneath its gloomy archway, a road led outside the walls, the direction of which is now changed. On each side of the main street, the eye surveys castellated mansions—or, rather, what once were such—their embattled parapets yet attesting their claim to distinction, and their tall gables, and taller chimneys, looking contemptuously down upon mud cabins or graudy shops in their vicinage. These houses were once inhabited by families of distinction. One of the dwellings within the walls is said to have belonged to the Earl of Buckingham; another to the family of Godsill. The houses in the main street are so well built, and the materials so durable, they are likely to last a long time; indeed, the square window frames, and spacious fire-places, are so well carved, that the stonework seems to bid defiance to time, and retains all the impress of the sculptor's chisel in its pristine sharpness. An enemy, more destructive than the tooth of time, however, is at work amid the ruins, and many of the striking features of the past daily disappear, put to some less worthy, though more useful, purpose. Mr. Weld, writing in 1812, observes of the then state of the houses: "The plans are nearly the same! they present two or more gable-ends to the street, and are divided into three stories. The entrances, by spacious portals with semicircular arches, open into small halls, which communicate with broad passages that probably contained the stairs, whence there are doorways leading to the principal apartments. The windows, of a square form, and small in proportion to the size of the rooms, are divided into compartments by one or more uprights, and sometimes by a cross of stone. The chimney-pieces are large and lofty, and the fire-places calculated for containing huge piles of wood." Yet the fires no longer burn, the ashes on the hearths are cold; the generations who lived, and loved, and died, in these dwellings are no more, and even their names have not reached us. Here is a spot for moralizing! The scene of human power, and humam pride, is around us—walls that rung with revelry when the board was spread, and the wine-cup quaffed, and the floor swept by the rustling silk of dames, and trodden by the knightly feet of warriors. All is now still and cheerless—the tenants are gone—and the wind of winter, and the summer shower, occupy the place at will.

We turned from the abodes of the stout men-at-arms and industrious burghers, to visit the temples of religion. They are somewhat more respected than the houses of men, for the Irish are essentially a people reverent of the Supreme Being, though passion frequently blinds them to His great attribute—mercy! The remains of the Dominican monastery are well worth minute examination. They are situated near a small river called the Luback, and consist of a lofty square central tower or steeple, and the choir, nave, and part of transept. The east window is a specimen of the pure Gothic, and the venerable ruins have called forth the admiration of many an antiquary. Sir Richard Hoare observed of this monastery: "It surpasses, in decoration and good sculpture, any I have yet seen in Ireland, but does not seem older than the reign of King Edward III." In the chancel stands the broken tomb of the last White Knight, called so, according to Camden, from his snow-white hair. He was a Fitz Gerald, one of the powerful Desmonds, and the maternal ancestor of the present Earl of Kingston. —*Institute Catholic Magazine.*

PELISSIER.

The English are discontented with Pelissier, the new French Minister to London. He is not polite enough, they say, which means simply that he is not a milk-sop, who will allow himself to be twined and twisted at their discretion. Of the entire English nation, political and military, he entertains the most sovereign contempt. Here is what they say of him:

"Of diplomacy proper Pelissier is as ignorant as the sword he wears, and therefore will be a simple instrument in the hands of others. Of English he does not know a word; and his manners are precisely what might be expected from a man utterly unused to any society but that of the camp, with a mind unadorned by any degree of cultivation, and with a temper susceptible but of one argument—that of brute force. I do not mean to say that he is excessively brutal and coarse in his behavior; on the contrary, he would be complaisant if he only knew how; but of this knowledge he has none. He smirks, grimaces, and dances like a bear at a cabaret, and is grossly offensive, while innocently believing himself polite. He is a little, thick-set man, with no pretentions to high intellect in his brow; but his dark, deep-set eye, looking doubly dark when contrasted with his short, closely-cut white hair, is full of determination. It is, besides, a capital eye for country. He will, in a month after his arrival, be perfect master of the power of England for defence; there will not be a weak point on her frontier or in her midst that the poor errand boy of Rouen will not have read, marked and learned, and thoroughly digested. Pelissier, without any education, is naturally an arithmetician; with no acquaintance with the science of engineering, he has a practical manner of discovering loop-holes that on many occasions took our best engineers at Sebastopol by surprise. In the handling of large masses he is perfectly unrivalled, and he is known to have the very humblest opinion of England's military art. 'They are perfect children in the art of war,' he said recently to Count de Morny, when speaking of the Indian rebellion. 'They are babies in regard to combination.' Give me one regiment of French, and any day I will turn their flank and out-manœuvre a dozen British, commanded by their ablest captains."

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

India.—China.—Parliament.—Irish National Schools. —Catholic Soldiers in India.—Old Trinity in the Commons.—The Cagliari affair.—Crying out before being hurt.—Oath's Bill.—Mr. Deasy's Amendment lost.—The freemen of Galway.—The bribers and the bribed.—The Passport Question.—Roebuck's Motion to abolish the Viceroyalty lost.—The libel on Napoleon III.—The New French Minister.—The Niagara.—Signor Borromeo.—Publication of banns.—The Trinity College Inquiry.—The election.—Donegal.—The Ennis Meeting.—Assault on Rev. Mr. Hardiman.

LONDON, 26th March, 1858.

You have, no doubt, remarked the unsatisfactory and contradictory character of Indian intelligence for some time past. The recent mail brings nothing more decided than the preceding ones. A great deal was going to be done, but nothing had really been performed. Lucknow was most assuredly to fall, but had not yet fallen. On the contrary, no attack had been made on it, as Sir Colin Campbell was still at Cawnpore with a force of fifteen European and three Native Infantry regiments, three of European and three of Native Cavalry. He no longer, however, is waiting for artillery, as eighty guns of heavy calibre and sixty odd field-pieces are said to have been sent towards Lucknow. If this information be reliable the attack may be considered as imminent; the 27th of last month was currently assigned as the day fixed for it. By that date the forces of Gen. Frank and Jung Bahadoor were expected to arrive. The insurgents are reported to have been defeated at Buheree, in the Bareilly country, by Colonel M'Causland, who commands a regiment of Ghoorkas. The insurgent loss is computed at about two hundred men with three or four guns. After the action, however, the Colonel fearing a flank attack retreated to his camp. The trial of the king of Delhi had failed to elicit the slightest proof of treason on his part. His complicity in the asserted massacres is likewise unproved, as well as his traitorous correspondence with Persia during the war between that country and Great Britian. The only grounds for the latter charge were furnished by an *anonymous* letter addressed to Mr. Colvin some time since! The unfortunate monarch's condemnation, whether warranted or not, by testimony, seems to have been resolved upon, and an Indian newspaper reported his sentence to transportation to the Andaman Islands, for the term of the poor king's life. It may be some consolation to him to think that that term will not be long. The news of his sentence, however, wants further confirmation.

From China we have accounts of restored tranquillity. A regiment of Sepoys had arrived and was quartered in the city of Canton. The telegraphic dispatch from Alexandria, dated 19th March, announces that the United States and Russia joined the alliance, and the representatives of the four powers were about to proceed to Shanghae to agree upon a united course of action. Poor Yeh was still on board the Inflexible, and there was an idea of disposing of him by sending him to Calcutta.

There was a rumor that Nankin had fallen into the hands of the Imperialists, but it required confirmation.

The proceedings of the week in the Imperial Parliament are not without interest. In the House of Lords, on Friday, Lord Derby, in reply to a question from the Marquis of Clanricarde, as to whether government intended interfering with the present system of National Education in Ireland, regretted its failure as a united system of education, and that also no facilities were given in the schools for separate religious education. Nevertheless, he thought it highly important it should be maintained. What consistency and what logic for a Premier! He points out the defects of a system, records its failure, yet thinks it most important that it should be preserved! A system has failed, therefore it must be preserved! "There's wisdom," as our old friend, John Bunsby, would remark.

In the Commons on the same day, Mr. Fagan called attention to a regulation of the Governor-General of India dated some years back requiring that the children of Catholic soldiers be sent to the regimental schools to qualify the parents to receive the subsistence money allowed for each child, and enquired if measures had been taken to enable Catholic soldiers at present on service in India to be educated in schools of their own faith without forfeiture of the subsistence money. Mr. Baillie having replied curtly that no alteration had been made, and that the army regulations in India were the same as everywhere else, Mr. Maguire denounced the system and complained that the poor private was entirely subject to the caprice of his officer. In answer to a question of the O'Donoghue with regard to the late riots in Dublin, Lord Naas replied that they were not of a very serious character. On Wednesday, Mr. Hatchell moved for documents relative to the conduct of the police in the affair. Lord Naas said that informations had been sworn and the case would be tried in a few days, that the counsel for the police wished the proceedings of the inquiry to be private; those of the college, public, and the Solicitor-General had decided that it would be private or would not be held. J. D. Fitzgerald attacked the conduct of the law officers of the Crown, and Mr. Whiteside defended the government alleging that had the inquiry been public the ends of justice would be defeated. Mr. Cogan regretted that the riots in Dublin had assumed an Orange complexion and that the cry of "Orange ascendancy" was again raised in Ireland.

The blusterers against the Neapolitan government will have to turn their warlike attention to some other quarter. The much-persecuted Watt has arrived here after having been unconditionally released by that terribly sanguinary tyrant, the King of Naples, to whom a portion of our press has given such a raw-head-and-bloody-bones reputation. As to the other "victim," Park, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that a despatch had been received from Mr. Lyons stating that his trial had commenced and was carried on in a spirit of great impartiality. Park was well-lodged, well clothed and well taken care of. What will the cruelty mongers say to this?

Mr. Deasy's amendment to the Oath's bill was lost by a majority of 153. Several members took part in the discussion, among them Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Newdegate, who was terribly severe on our Hebrew fellow-subjects. Some gentlemen opposed the amendment because they thought that the Catholics had better wait until the Jews get into Parliament; others from the fact that if the words of the amendment were inserted, the cause of the Jewish millionaire would be jeopardized, while that of the Catholics would not be improved. Several members pointed out the absurdities of the present oath as regards both Catholics and Protestants, but yet voted for the clause as it stood. So much more for legislative justice and consistency. Mr. Roebuck gave notice on Tuesday that when the bill came up for depriving the freemen of Galway of their franchise for having accepted bribes in the late election, he should move a clause in committee to punish the briber as well as the bribed, by declaring Lord Dunkellin's seat vacant, and expelling Sir Thomas Burke from the House. Sir T. Burke's account of the part he took in the proceedings was the most bare-faced and cynical confession of his conduct that a man steeled to all feelings of shame could make. Sir Thomas is Lord Dunkellin's cousin and acted for him at Galway. The already too notorious Marquis of Clanricarde, Lord D's father, gave instructions to his agent to pay whatever sum the worthy Sir Thomas should think it necessary to spend for the return of his son for Galway. If the men of Galway deserve to lose their franchise how much more do the aristocratic corrupters merit expulsion from the House of Commons! Things have sadly changed since such titled bribers have become the "men for Galway."

The recent changes in the French passport system have been the subject of comment in the Commons. Some of the hardships of Englishmen visiting France were rehearsed and some ludicrous results of the system of strict surveillance related. Mr. Milner Gibson was informed that an old lady had been detained in Boulogne twenty-four hours, while her tooth powder was being examined to see if it contained anything fulminating. Lord Palmerston stated that he had on one occasion narrowly escaped arrest. A division took place on the motion for leave to introduce the Marriage Law Amendment Bill, a measure which has for its object the legalization of marriage with the sister of a deceased wife, and the introduction of the Bill was voted by a majority of 43. Roebuck's motion for the abolition of the Irish Viceroyalty was lost by a majority of 127.

Stanislaus Tchorewski, a Polish refugee and a bookseller in the Haymarket, was brought before the Bow street police authorities on Tuesday on the charge of having libelled the French Emperor by the publication of the *brochure* of Felix Pyat & Co. He was committed in default of bail.

The Marshal Duke of Malakoff, known before the taking of that fortress as Pelissier, has been appointed Minister to this country in place of Count Persigny. His appointment is looked upon by some as a threat, by others as a conciliatory measure. There is nothing very conciliatory in the temper of the rough, overbearing old soldier, so that whatever character of conciliation may be given to him will be merely official.

The United States Steam Frigate *Niagara* has arrived at Plymouth after a very rough passage.

A warrant has been issued for the arrest of the imaginative Signor Borromeo whose inventive genius conceived the Italian Conference hoax, and whose tact palmed it off on the "leading" and other journals. It seems that in the case of the most worthy Signor, necessity was the mother of invention.

It was announced in the various Chapels last Sunday that, from and after Low Sunday, Catholic marriages would not be solemnized in the Diocese of Westminister unless the banns be previously published on three Sundays in succession, in the churches to which the persons desiring to be married belong.

The Inquiry into the Trinity College Riot has turned out to be no inquiry at all. The Counsel for the police desired the inquiry to be private (as I have already stated in my parliamentary summary) any the Solicitor-General decided that such privacy was necessary to the furtherance of justice. The Trinity College party desired that it should be public and as the Solicitor-General decided against them, they did not appear, so that after a few days' unavailing sitting, that functionary declared the inquiry closed. The Trinity College election has terminated in the return of Anthony Lefroy by a majority of 238. The students as usual distinguished themselves by a display of musical talent both vocal and instrumental. An A. M. proposed the College messenger as a fit and proper person to represent the University in Parliament.

The Donegal priests have replied to the report of Mr. Hamilton and Judge Pennefather's charge. They clearly prove the one-sidedness of these gentlemen's views. The witnesses examined by Mr. Hamilton were either constables, agents, drivers or bailiffs.

A meeting took place in Ennis on Patrick's Day for the purpose of taking measures to erect a monument to the memory of Daniel O'Connell. A vast number of people were gathered together on the occasion. It was resolved that a subscription list be at once opened, and that the National Bank be appointed Treasurer.

The worthy parish priest of Ballinrobe, the Rev. Father Hardiman, was the victim of a violent outrage at the hands of an individual named Cathcart, employed as a domestic in the town. The Rev. gentleman is said to be in a dangerous state from the effect of the blows administered by this miscreant. W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Passport Question.—France and Switzerland.—Internal Affairs.—Expatriations and Arrests.—New Laws.—The French Minister to England.—Italy.—Naples.—Rome.—Anecdote of his Holiness.—Secret Consistory.—Nomination of Cardinals.—Sardinia.—Cavour in a tight place.—Genoa.—The European Commission.—Bosnia and Herzegovina.—Increase of compensation for officiating clergymen.—The Cure d'Auteuil.—The annual pilgrimage at the Church of Saint Severin

PARIS, 25th March, 1858.

No very striking political fact has transpired in European politics since the date of my last. The excitement with regard to the passport question and the measures lately taken by the Imperial Government concerning the *visa* of those documents still continues, however. The *Bund* advises the Swiss Government to ask for a protestation in the names of the whole twenty-five Cantons against the establishment of the new consulates. The internal situation of France still continues to be more or less affected by the consequences of the attempted assassination of the Emperor, and arrests continue to be made and persons sent to Algeria. Thirty-seven persons, expatriated under the law of public safety, were embarked at Marseilles on the 18th inst. on board the *Caire* for Algeria where they are to be *internes* in the province of Oran. The number of individuals arrested for the affair of Chalons sur Saone, amounts to twenty-nine. Eleven of the number, however, have been set at liberty. They are for the most part tradesmen and day-laborers; masons, carpenters, plasterers, tailors, shoemakers, &c. One professional man only figured in the affair: an ex-teacher named Struzel, and one artist, a sculptor, named Hubert Bertrand. At Metz, two persons had been arrested, and a third in the Canton de Pange; it was believed that their detention would be merely momentary, but they have been sent to Algeria.

The Corps Legislatif has at present in consideration a bill for laying an impost on percussion caps. The bill is not, as was erroneously stated by some foreign journals, a consequence of the 14th January. The project dates from 1856 and the tax is to be paid by the manufacturer.

By a decree of the 23d instant. the Duc de Malakoff has been appointed ambassador of France at the Court of St. James in the place of the Count de Persigny whose resignation has been tendered and accepted. The *Moniteur* has not as yet given any explanation of this important change—made doubly so by the existing state of relations between this country and England. Various rumors are afloat with regard to this modification. It is whispered by some that a high dignity in the Home Government is reserved for M. de Persigny, and I think the report plausible, for he is, without doubt, if not the ablest, at least one of the ablest men that have been brought into relief by the Second Empire. The new appointment certainly must have a deep meaning, the selection of Pelissier, the soldier, for a deplomatic mission is strange enough to warrant the conclusion. The announcement of the ex-ambassador's return to Paris was premature, M. de Persigny is still in London and will there await the arrival of the Crimean hero who takes his place.

From Italy we hear that some slight manifestations were attempted in Naples on the occasion of Orsini's execution but were immediately put down and a few young men arrested. The States of the Church were enjoying perfect peace and tranquility under the paternal rule of his Holiness Pope Pius. One of the Holy Father's benevolent acts is related in the *Armonia*. An advocate, father of a large family, lately fell sick and was in great need. The news reached the Sovereign Pontiff and he immediately despatched one of his chamberlains with a letter to the advocate. He was at first refused admittance as the physician had ordered the patient to be kept quiet, but at the name of Pius the Ninth the doors were of course immediately thrown open. The chamberlain was introduced into the sick man's chamber and finding that he was sufficiently composed, delivered the letter which contained 300 crowns with the words written in the Holy Father's own handwriting: "To the advocate S——, from Pius IX."

On the 15th His Holiness held a secret consistory, in which he raised the following prelates to the dignity of Cardinal: The Archbishop of Toledo, the Bishop of Ancona, the Archbishop of Seville, the Bishop of Cesena, Mgr. Ferreti, Minister of Commerce, Fine Arts, &c., Mgr. Silvestri, Dean of the Rota, and Mgr. Mertel, Minister of the Interior, also received the same high distinction.

M. de Cavour is in a dilemma. The rejection of the bill against the apology for political assassination has placed the Ministry in a difficult position. The Cabinet is exerting all its influence and ingenuity to arrive at a solution of the difficulty. M. de Cavour is afraid to offend the extreme Left which put him into office, and at the same time wants to take all necessary precautions against the Mazzinians, in order to defeat their designs on the life of Victor Emmanuel. The *Corriere Mercantile* states, in a correspondence, that M. de Cavour has sent a very energetic note to the Neapolitan Government with regard to the affair of the *Cagliari*. This will not be likely to change the opinion of the Government of the Two Sicilies, by whose courts the Cagliari has been declared a lawful prize.

The court of Genoa has pronounced sentence on the persons implicated in the insurrectionary attempt of the 29th June. All the accused have been condemned to the galleys; six contumacious, among whom Mazzini, were condemned to death.

The European Commission at Bucharest has ended its labors, and its report is looked for here about the end of the month. The 10th of April is assigned as the date of the reopening of of the Conferences.

It is to be hoped that the persecution of the Christians of Bosnia and Herzegovina by the Turks will be one of the subjects considered by the Congress when it meets again. The firmans issued by the Sultan in favor of his Christian subjects are a dead letter. The *Gazette d'Augsbourg* states that Prince Gortschakoff in an emphatic note, delivered at Constantinople about a fortnight ago, reminded the Ottoman Government of the 9th Article of the Treaty of Paris by which the Porte bound itself to ameliorate the Condition of the Christian Subjects of the Sultan. The *Gazette* hopes that Count Walewski and Lord Malmesbury will adhere to that interpretation of the Article, and considers it probable that Austria and France will interfere diplomatically between Turkey and Montenegro. Austria already, some years since, took up arms in favor of the independence of Montenegro.

The budget for 1859 provides an increase of salary to those members of the clergy who at present receive but meagre compensation. 50 francs each, additional, will be given to 26,554 officiating clergymen, 218 aged 75 and under will receive a yearly salary of 1,200 francs; 250 aged 70 to 75 years will receive 1,100 francs per annum.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop has appointed M. l'Abbe Eudes, Cure of Auteuil.

The *Assemble de Charite*, which takes place yearly in the Church of Saint Severin in the form of a solemn pilgrimage of the sanctuary of the Immaculate Virgin Notre-Dame-de-Sainte-Esperance, in favor of poor families in the parish, was held on Saturday. This annual pilgrimage, which has attracted crowds of the faithful for the last eighteen years, was presided this year by the Cardinal Archbishop, who already presided over it when he was Archbishop of Tours. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Pere Lavigne, of the Society of Jesus. The *queteuses* on the occasion were the Viscountesses Guebriant, Beaufranchet and Lamoignon, the Duchess of Padua; Mmes. de Villeneuve, Thiellement, Guilhemand Troplong, the wife of the President of the Senate.

WM. S. O'BRIEN'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

PART II.

Many of those who are zealous advocates of the Legislative Independence of Ireland are comparatively careless, if not wholly indifferent, in respect to the measures affecting this country which are brought forward in the British Parliament. Such indifference has never been shared by me. Even those who deny that the British Parliament is entitled *de jure* to make laws for Ireland, must admit that *de facto* the well-being and happiness of this country depend upon the character and details of its enactments. Hence it has always seemed to me to be the especial duty of Repealers to suggest useful measures for public consideration. If those measures be rejected an additional argument is afforded in favor of domestic legislation. If they be adopted we gain a certain amount of compensation for the absence of those National Institutions, without which Ireland can never enjoy a permanent guarantee for its rights and interests.

Such being my sentiments, I devoted much time, when I was a member of the Repeal Association, to the deliberations of the Parliamentary Committee of that body. It was the duty of this Committee to examine carefully all bills brought before Parliament, and to suggest any measures which it might deem to be beneficial to Ireland. Several volumes of Reports emanated from the Committee, containing suggestions, of which some have been since realized, and others still deserve to be adopted.

In like manner I persuaded several friends who were ardent advocates of the Independence of Ireland to take part in the deliberations of "The Irish Council"—a body of Irish gentlemen, differing very much from each other in political opinions, who were brought into friendly consultation by the exigencies of the Famine. From this body also emanated several suggestions, which, if adopted, would have tended greatly to mitigate the horrors of that fearful season, and to prevent the ruin which subsequently overspread the land.

Being still animated by the same impulses and convictions which induced me to adopt this course of action, I propose to submit from time to time, for the consideration of the Irish Nation, my ideas respecting questions of public policy. Various motives which it is not necessary to enumerate render me unwilling to return to the House of Commons, and I am equally reluctant to engage again in what is called "Constitutional Agitation," but I shall cheerfully apply my present leisure in assisting the formation of public opinion upon various questions which affect the well being of all classes in this country.

Public opinion has of late years found no effective mode of giving utterance to itself. Indeed, it may be said that the voice of public opinion has been wholly paralyzed. The popular associations, which in past times were formed in order to give utterance to the requirements of the people of Ireland, have been gradually undermined by the seductive influences which are at the command of the British Government; and your parliamentary representatives, with few exceptions, have been induced to array themselves as subordinates in the ranks of contending English factions, rather than to stand forth as champions of the national interests of Ireland.

The influences which thus tended to paralyze the expression of public opinion having, by the change of administration, been considerably relaxed, the time has arrived, or will shortly arrive, when it will be in your power, if you be so disposed, to re-establish both in and out of Parliament an *Irish National Party*.

Through what organ ought the voice of Ireland to speak? Through what agency can Irish interests be best protected?

To these questions I answer without hesitation—through an Irish Parliament and an Irish Executive.

But as we are still far from the attainment of a domestic government we have next to inquire what in the absence of such a government would be its best substitute?

To this question I answer, that it would be desirable that two or three hundred of the ablest and most patriotic men in Ireland, including such Irish representatives as you ought hereafter to choose—including also men selected on account of their intelligence and integrity from each corporation, and from each body of Town Commissioners in Ireland, together with other persons who enjoy in a pre-eminent degree the confidence of the Irish people, should meet in permanent session in Dublin, to deliberate upon the special interests of Ireland, and also upon all questions in regard of which the interposition of Irish opinion could promote the general interests of mankind. Ireland is now deeply concerned in regard of colonial policy, for one-third of the inhabitants of the British Colonies are Irish either by birth or origin. Ireland is also concerned in regard of foreign policy, for wars cannot be recklessly or wickedly undertaken without involving Ireland in participation of their consequences. I firmly believe that such a body, sitting in Dublin, would exercise infinitely more influence over the deliberations of Parliament than can be possessed by the few representatives whom you send to London, where they are sustained by no national sympathy, and are subjected to a thousand influences which tend to seduce or to enthral them.

Ireland can scarcely be said to be represented at all in the House of Lords; and in the House of Commons the Irish members do not constitute one-sixth of the whole body of that assembly; so that even if they were incorruptible and united they could never hope to carry any measure by the direct action of Irish opinion. They could only aspire to the attainment of an indirect influence by acting as arbiters between the contending factions of England, by throwing their weight into the scale of whatever party might be most inclined to forward the interests of Ireland. To me it seems that the Irish nation would occupy a position, not only more dignified, but also more potential, if it were to speak out its opinions directly upon its own soil through organs whose voice could neither be purchased nor misunderstood.

To establish, however, such a Consultative Council, as I have here contemplated, it would be necessary that there should prevail in this country a very different spirit from that which at present exists. I am, therefore, compelled to assume that we must use the agencies which we have been accustomed to employ rather than devise a new and abnormal mode of giving effect to Irish opinion.

Previous to the last general election I took the liberty to address you, with a view to induce you to select as your representatives men who would be prepared to act in Parliament as members of an *Independent Irish Party*, not as adherents of any of the English factions which occupy the arena of political conflict in the metropolis of the empire. I ventured to assume that fifty or even one hundred men of competent ability could be found in Ireland who would be willing to accept seats in the House of Commons, with a view to serve their country rather than to serve themselves and their connections; and I still think that such men could have been found if you had been disposed to select and support them. When you elect a town councillor or a guardian of the poor you choose persons who will administer these functions with integrity. You justly abhor and denounce *jobbing* when it is discovered in the operations of these local boards, and of grand juries. Is it too much to expect that you should discourage *jobbing* on the part of those who are deputed to exercise the high functions of legislation as the parliamentary representatives of your country?

Similar advice was tendered to you by Mr. Sharman Crawford, whose opinion is entitled to much weight, and whose public character deserves the respect of every Irishman.

Mr. George Moore and the Tenant League also recommended a course of policy not very dissimilar, but limited to the attainment of one particular measure.

The address which I wrote upon that occasion was favorably received by the public, and more than one constituency adopted the principle of action which I recommended. But I cannot conceal from myself that a very large majority of the Irish members, probably at least ninety out of one hundred and five, were chosen upon the understanding that they were to enter parliament as adherent either of the Whig minority or of the Conservative Opposition.

It is now for you to reconsider this question, and to determine what shall hereafter be the national policy of the people of Ireland. It seems highly improbable that Lord Derby's Government will be able to hold office for more than twelve months without making an appeal to the country, in order to determine whether it possesses the confidence of a majority of the electoral body of the United Kingdom.

It is for you now to consider what principle you ought to adopt, in the event of a dissolution, in the selection of your representatives. If you are *Imperialists*, you will choose Conservatives or Whigs; and I am far from denying that there are to be found amongst both Conservatives and Whigs many able and honorable men. If, on the other hand, you are *Nationalists*, as a majority of you have in times past professed yourselves to be, you will avail yourselves of this opportunity to lay the foundation of an Irish National Party both in and out of Parliament.

If at the next election you fail to obtain an efficient body of representatives, you are entitled to lay such failure to the account of no power or party on earth except yourselves. If you select a candidate, as your representative, because he possesses a large fortune, and can afford to spend much money at an election, you must expect that he will feel himself at liberty to use for his own ends the privileges which he has purchased from you. If you select a candidate because he will, by his influence with Government, be able to procure situations for those who have brought him into Parliament, you insure the immediate prostration of his independence, because you stipulate that he shall at once become a supplicant for ministerial favors. If, on the contrary, you call call into public life men, because they are able, zealous, and upright, even though such men may not, as candidates, solicit your suffrages—if you return such men to Parliament, free of expense, as has been done, to their immortal honor, by the electors of the county of Wexford, in the case of Mr. M'Mahon, you may then hope that your country will enjoy henceforth the respect of mankind to an extent which it has not attained since the year 1782.

In the meantime it is desirable that your present representatives, and those who aspire to the honor of representing you hereafter in Parliament, should be made to understand fully what is the line of policy that you expect them to pursue, and what are the measures which you expect them to support as requirements sanctioned by the opinion of a large majority of the Irish nation. Assuming that it is possible to form in the British House of Commons a party which shall not be connected with either the Whigs, the Conservatives, or the Radicals, but shall act as an Independent Irish Party, its members must be contented to take their places on the opposition benches, and to remain there for an indefinite period—not factiously opposing any administration, but strenuously resisting all bad measures, and encouraging the enactment of good laws as well as the practice of good government—though the influence which would speedily be obtained by a body of high-minded, able and disinterested men, whose weight could at any time disturb the balance of power in relation to the rivalries of contending factions. It would, perhaps, be too much to expect that all the Irish members would consent to the abnegation of personal interest which such a course of action would impose, but if only fifty or sixty of our representatives would take up such a position in the House of Commons, with the consciousness of being sustained by the public opinion of the Irish nation, they would become arbiters of the fate of successive administrations, and would be enabled to confer countless advantages upon their country and upon mankind.

I promised in the first part of this address that I would enumerate some of the measures to which a body of independent Irish members ought to apply their immediate attention; but the preliminary observations which I have been tempted to introduce, have occupied so much space that it has become necessary to postpone this enumeration to a future occasion.

I am not so presumptuous as to believe that my suggestions will affect in any considerable degree the destiny of my country, but if they carrry with them any weight in influencing the opinion of a portion of my fellow-countrymer, a pause for reflection on what I have already said will be conducive rather than otherwise to the results which I seek to attain.

I remain, your faithful friend,

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

Cahirmoyle, March 29, 1858.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH, QUEENSTOWN.—The subscription list, with the collections in aid of this work, now represent a sum of upwards of £3,000, including the munificent subscription of £500 from the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, R.C., Bishop of the diocese. The new edifice will be erected on the same site as the present, and will be a most imposing and conspicuous architectural work, surmounting the town from that elevation.—*Cork Reporter*.

NEW CARDINALS.—The Archbishop of Toledo and Seville and five other prelates received the Cardinal's hat at the consistory held at Rome the past week.

A PERSIAN BISHOP.—It is rumored, says the *Gazette de France*, that a new Roman Catholic Bishopric is shortly to be established at Teheran.

Letters from Valladolid announce the safe arrival at that city of the Very Rev. John Canon Dalton, the newly appointed vice-rector of the English college there. The English college at Valladolid is a very fine building. The university is well attended by about 800 students from different parts of the country. There are 200 priests in Valladolid, and 20 canons belonging to the cathedral. Each of the canons has £140 a year, and the Archbishop £1,000.

The Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, R. C. Bishop, presided at a religious reception in the French Nuns' Convent, Laurel Hill, when Miss Kennedy, daughter of Mr. D. Kennedy, of Patrick street, and Miss Healy, took the White Veil, and were received into the noviciate of the Order. Six lay sisters were also received, and on the same occasion the Rev. James O'Carroll, O.S D., received the order of deacon.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

By a brief, dated March 6th, 1850, the Holy Father has been pleased to confer on Mr. Edmund Waterton the ancient Order of Christ. This act of the Sovereign Pontiff is the more distinguished, as the Order of Christ, which has only one class, is very rarely conferred, less so than in the time of Gregory XVI.

A deputation from the united parishes of Kilrane and Tagoat waited on their late curate, the Rev. Father O'Neill (who is now curate of Bannow) with an address. They also presented to him a very fine jaunting car, a costly set of harness, and a handsome purse containing twenty sovereigns.

His Grace the Archbishop, the Metropolitan of Connaught, has conveyed a Synod of the Prelates of the province, to be opened in this town on the 10th of August next. The usual form of Convocation has been posted at the principal entrance of the Cathedral Church.—*Tuam Herald*.

On the 21st ult., Miss Ellen Hyland, daughter of the late Michael Hyland, Esq., solicitor, of this city, pronounced the solemn vows, and received the Black Veil in the Presentation Convent, Midleton.—*Kilkenny Journal*.

The Christian Brothers, Tralee, return their sincere thanks to those kind friends who contributed the sum of £60 at the late sermon preached by the Rev. Father Petcherine.

Domestic.

CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, PHILADELPHIA.—The Redemptionist Fathers opened a Mission in this Church, which will continue at least two weeks. Throughout all last week the fruits of the pious Fathers were manifested in the large attendance of the faithful at the exhortations and the confessionals. We expect next week to give the results of the Mission, as far as possible, in detail.—*Catholic Herald and Visitor*.

RECEPTION.—Miss Mary Ann Magarr, of Auburn, received the white veil of the Sisters of Mercy from the hands of the Bishop, on Sunday last. The imposing ceremony was performed in St. Bridget's Church, and was attended by a large crowd from the different parishes of the city. The Bishop delivered a very feeling address on the occasion. Several of the clergy of the city were present.—*Buffalo Sentinel*.

The Rev. Martin O'Connor, the indefatigable Pastor of St. Bridget's, is already negotiating for a lot of ground with the ulterior view of erecting a new Parochial Church which is much needed in this important Parish.—*Ibid*.

EPISCOPAL CONSECRATION.—The consecration of the Rt. Rev. A. Verot for the Apostolic Vicariate of Florida, will be performed in the Cathedral of Baltimore, on Sunday, 25th inst., by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Bishops of Richmond and of Savannah. Rev. Charles J. White, D.D., of Washington, will preach.

CONFIRMATION.—On the morning of the 12th inst., the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 11 pupils of the Academy of the Visitation, Mount de Sales—two of whom were converts.

DIOCESE OF COVINGTON.—Lambert D. Wille received at St. Mary's Cathedral, Covington, Ky., on the Feast of the Annunciation, 25th March, the Holy Order of Priesthood, at the hands of Right Rev. Dr. Carrell.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Jesuit Fathers are about to erect a large Church and College in the suburbs of the metropolis. It will be under the invocation of St. Aloysius.

WALLINGFORD, CONN.—The floor of the new Catholic Church fell, recently, fatally injuring two and severely wounding thirteen others.

Seventy-five of the youth of St. Paul's congregation received their First Communion from the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop on last Sunday, by whom they were also confirmed. In the afternoon, there were two hundred and thirteen confirmed by the Archbishop in St. Joseph's Church, of whom thirteen were from St. Michael's.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph*.

The corner stone of a new Church, St. John the Baptist, was laid on Sunday, 18th inst., on Mt. St. John, three miles back of Newport, Ky. Sermon in English by the Bishop of Covington: in German by the Rev. F. Fox of Cincinnati. The site of the proposed Church is on the lower or river turnpike.

A new Catholic Church has just been commenced at Oshkosh, Wis.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WANTED—Agents in every city and town in the Union to sell our Books and canvass for the TABLET. A small capital of twenty to thirty dollars is all that is required. As our Books are all fast-selling popular works, good honest industrious men can make well by them. We will give them a first-rate chance. None but persons who can come well recommended need apply.

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NOTICE TO PERSONS GETTING UP CLUBS.—Clubs in all cases *must* be sent to one address, unless each Subscriber pay 20 cents extra, for which we will write his name on the paper. Large Clubs of 10, 20, or 50, can have the paper sent in two or more packages, directed to as many different persons, for distribution at club prices.

Our Agent in Memphis, Tenn., Mr. Samuel Tighe, has all our publications for sale at New York prices. We cheerfully recommend Mr. Tighe to the patronage of the Catholics of Memphis and vicinity. He is fully authorized to collect all debts due the TABLET and solicit new subscribers.

The TABLET can be had for sale at the Book and Stationery Store of Mr. Bernard Dowling, York street, Newport, Kentucky.

We call attention to the advertisement of Rogers & Raymond on the 16th page of this week's TABLET. We confidently recommend this House to the patronage of all who may be in want of any article in their line. Their Warehouse on the Cor. of Nassau and Fulton is advantageously located, and their stock of goods is both varied and extensive. Their Wholesale Department is supplied with goods for the Southern and Western markets, and their Retail floors show a variety of the neatest, best and cheapest garments.

A good carpet is one of those things deemed indispensable in almost every family, and it is often difficult to learn just where a reliable and desirable article—price and quality considered—can be found. We are tolerably well acquainted with carpet stores, and cheerfully commend our friends to Mr. Donnelly, 98 Bowery, N. Y. He has a beautiful store, a fresh and well assorted stock, and is disposed to sell on fair terms; indeed, his experience and business facilities enable him to compete successfully with any other house. Call and see him when you want a good carpet. ap10 1y

MISCELLANEOUS.

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THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

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Office, No. 51 Chambers Street, New York.

IN consequence of the great number of complaints which have for a long time been made by immigrants, of frauds committed upon them in the sending of money to their friends in Ireland; and to aid and protect the Emigrant, the Irish Emigrant Society established a fund, deposited in the Bank of Ireland, upon which they draw drafts, payable at sight on any of the branches of the Bank.

Persons residing out of the city, by enclosing in a letter the sum they wish forwarded, with the plainly written directions to whom, and where it is to be paid, will have the same remitted.

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The Society will be thankful, for all early and substantial information of any fraud, imposition, or outrage, committed on emigrants, and will endeavor speedily to apply a remedy.

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nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

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[COPY.]

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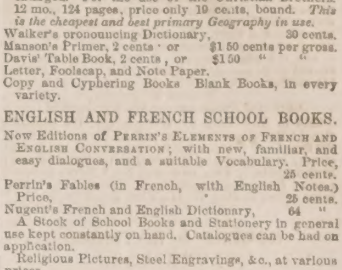

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